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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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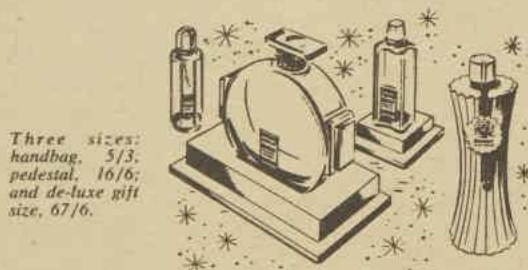
**MARLENE
MATHEWS'
WEDDING**
See page 3

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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APRIL 10, 1957

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THE ATOM RACE MUST END

THE chill logic of nuclear tests is that the world is playing with an insidious force it doesn't fully understand, a force which could destroy or maim mankind.

That is why the Bermuda Conference decision to "exercise restraint in conducting nuclear tests" if Russia agrees to do the same is intelligent recognition by at least two statesmen that world leaders have an imperative duty to end the atom race.

The atom knows no frontiers. The world is in peril as radioactivity builds up in the earth's atmosphere after each test series.

Women, the realists in a man-led world, recognise this peril better than men, for no woman can disregard the implications of a radiation-sick world.

A woman naturally thinks of her child or the child she will bear, and women everywhere—black, white, brown, yellow—cry an end to the threat of destruction.

This is why women can better appreciate the reasoning and the emotions of the British Quaker couple who, as a protest against nuclear explosions, plan to sail into the Christmas Island danger zone during Britain's H-bomb tests.

This couple will never get within 5000 miles of Christmas Island, but their willingness to leave their three children and to face injury or death from the explosions or from radiation sickness is no futile gesture.

It gives expression to the conscience of men and women everywhere who know that if the world's leaders do not stop the atom race the world will die.

Our cover:

● Radiant bride Mrs. Barry Willard and her husband leave St. Anne's Church of England, Strathfield, after their wedding. Mrs. Willard was formerly Olympic sprinter Marlene Mathews. Cover and color pictures opposite page by staff photographer Ron Be.

This week:

● Every young designer in Paris dreamt of the day when he will branch out on his own. Season after season talented young men try their luck. Few make the grade. The fashion world is a tough one, and most are forgotten as soon as their show is over. Ten years ago Christian Dior became famous overnight. This year the new star is Guy Laroche—unknown in January, a success in February. Marcelle Poirier, who wrote the story on page 8 and 9, tells us that when she interviewed Laroche he still could not believe in his success, although by then film stars and social women were rushing to buy his clothes. He pointed to a feature in a daily paper headed "Favorite Dishes of the Great." "When the ask for my favorite recipe," he said, "I'll know I've really become famous."

● Betty Keep is on two weeks' holiday. She will resume her feature "Dress Sense" in the issue of April 24.

Next week:

● Color pictures show the elegant apartment which is the Manhattan home of Cyril Ritchard, currently starring in the New York hit farce "Visit To A Small Planet." Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein, a fellow Australian helped Cyril find the flat, and decorated it in his name as a surprise when he returned to New York from abroad. It is furnished with 18th century English pieces, but there's a touch of home in the foyer—the stars of the Southern Cross are inlaid in the tile floor.

● The Empire line is fashion's favorite at the moment—still slender, but no longer straight. Color pictures show it to you in three versions—a city dress, a late-day dress and an afternoon dress.

BOOK REVIEWS by AINSLIE BAKER

General apologised for failing to attack

● In tracing the history of the English "officer and gentleman" from 1600 to the present day, E. S. Turner has turned up a wealth of highly diverting material.

"GALLANT GENTLEMEN," published by Michael Joseph, should keep the most enthusiastic story-teller in anecdotes.

One concerns the great Marlborough, who, in his role of gentleman, once sent Marshal Boufflers his apologies for not having attacked him when according to all the rules of war he might well have been expected to attack.

Possibly the least soldier-like officer and gentleman ever to grace the English Army was Beau Brummell, whom the Prince of Wales (later George IV) invited to join his own regiment, stationed alternately at Brighton and at London.

Brummell, a captain, resigned when it was learned that the regiment had been ordered to unfashionable Manchester. "Think, your

Royal Highness," he protested, "Manchester! I simply could not go."

The British officer reached the full flower of his glory in the climate of India. In 1838 one brigadier in a column marching on Peshawar is said to have had 60 camels to carry his personal effects.

Indeed, the early Indian Army on the move was a sight to behold, with 10 servants to a subaltern, 20 to a captain, and 30 to a field officer.

In the early 16th century England had no permanent army. Well-born young men volunteered for service with foreign princes—often in opposing camps.

Sir Walter Raleigh served in France in his youth. Guy Fawkes had fought for Philip of Spain before taking on the English Parliament.

Since the days of chivalry the profession of arms was held

to be a gentlemanly one, and the buying of commissions for children was a practice older than Queen Anne.

England's Standing Army, a first virtually a Royal bodyguard, dates from the Restoration. By Victorian times it cost £9000 to buy a lieutenant colonelcy in a smart regiment such as the Foot Guards. But as these were saleable it was a good investment.

When Gladstone persuaded Queen Victoria to make the buying of commissions illegal it might well have been the beginning of the end. But the officer-gentleman tradition died hard.

Instructions given one Officer Training Corps Unit early in World War II included the correct procedure in leaving visiting cards.

Our copy from Angus Robertson, Sydney.

Marlene had a lovely wedding

Marlene Mathews—winner of two bronze medals at the Olympics and one of the glamor girls at the Games—was a beautiful bride when she married Barry Willard, of Enmore, at St. Anne's Church, Strathfield. Marlene, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Mathews, of Strathfield, was mobbed by well-wishers as she arrived at the church.



TRIO OF OLYMPIANS. The bride receives good-luck wishes from Mrs. Brian Wigney (left), who was hurdler Gloria Cooke before her marriage early in March, while triple-Games-gold-medallist Betty Cuthbert looks on. Marlene's beautiful wedding gown of white French satin was cut on classic princess lines with a short chapel train. Guipure lace, re-embroidered with seed pearls, was applied across the straight-cut neckline, and she wore a crown of pearls to hold her three-tiered white tulle veil.



ABOVE: Barry and Marlene Willard cut their wedding cake at the reception at "Elim," Burwood, which followed their wedding. Barry and Marlene are at present honeymooning at Jervis Bay and on their return will live with Barry's parents.

BELOW: Best man Terry Gole (standing) reads the congratulatory telegrams to the bride and bridegroom and bridesmaids Margaret Griffiths (left) and Fay Willard. The bridesmaids' princess dresses of aqua organza were trimmed with matching satin.



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MUSICAL EVENING at the Steel home. Daughter Julia (right) is learning to play the violin. Mr. Steel says he needs music to "bring him nearer to God."

Quaker couple's crusade

Two against the H-bomb

● In a small pink house perched on the side of picturesque Malvern Hill, near Worcester, 63-year-old Harold Steel is preparing to spend his life savings risking death in an H-bomb blast.

SIX hundred feet below, in the town of Malvern, his 40-year-old wife, Sheila, working as a clerk in a National Insurance office, has just the same scheme in mind.

Steel, a retired poultry farmer, and his wife plan to sail into the Christmas Island danger area during Britain's H-bomb tests there.

They will deliberately seek mutilation or radiation sickness to "prove to the world the horror of the H-bomb."

Their aim is to fly to Japan and join a fishing-boat "peace navy" which is preparing to make the protest voyage.

The Japan Council Against Atom and Hydrogen Bombs launched the idea of the voyage.

Britain has announced that the H-bomb—Britain's first—will be exploded on the first favorable day this month.

Neither of the Steels regards their position as sensational, eccentric, or irrational, although this time last year Mr. Steel's main interest was tending daffodils in his terraced garden, and Mrs. Steel was working hard for her family's future.

The Steels have three children, Valerie, 15, Hugh, 13, and Julia, nine.

The two eldest are at boarding-school, and Julia attends a local day school.

They are normal, healthy, and bright kids, whose upbringing has taught them the value and comfort of family life.

Their parents love them, and have the same hopes for them as any parents would.

But the Steels are prepared

to give up their share in their children's future if, by doing so, they can awaken world interest in the dangers of nuclear-weapons tests.

"We both believe that lovers of peace and people of good will should be prepared to take the same risks for peace that soldiers are forced to take for war," grey-haired Mr. Steel told me.

Mrs. Steel explained in more detail: "The terrible sufferings of men in war seem unavoidable to those who think wars are necessary."

"To those who think peace is equally necessary, suffering may be equally unavoidable. No one welcomes or seeks it."

"I have never been seriously ill in my life, so I don't know how I shall stand up to pain."

"Perhaps it won't be easy — but if we're going to have it one way or another eventually, perhaps this gesture may prevent more suffering in the future."

"We have about £A500 saved up," says Mr. Steel. "This is just enough for two one-way fares to Japan."

"It is not our intention to commit suicide."

"If we went in so close that we were blown to bits, there would be no proof we had ever been there — no evidence of injuries or radiation sickness."

"To be of use we must be living witnesses of these things."

Although not Quakers by birth, the Steels are "regular attenders" in worship with the local Society of Friends, whose testimony of peace appeals to them.



THE OTHER TWO Steel children, Valerie and Hugh. The picture, supplied by Mrs. Steel, was taken five years ago.

Many of these Quakers have proved friends in both senses of the word, promising to take care of the Steel children and bring them up as if they were their own.

"It is as much for our children as for the rest of humanity we want to make this trip," Mr. Steel explained.

"It appeals me to think that one day my own daughters might be contaminated by radiation and give birth to monsters because of man's thoughtless folly."

The Steels have not yet discussed their plan in detail with their children. But Hugh saw one of his father's letters in a newspaper, and read it out at a school meeting.

Then he said: "That is what my Dad is doing. What are you all doing?"

Valerie also saw the letter, and immediately wrote to her parents, supporting them wholeheartedly.

"They have not yet said they want to come with us," said Mrs. Steel, "and I sincerely hope they won't."

"If they do express such a desire, we would have to think it over very carefully."

"I really don't know what we would do—but, as the Quakers say, 'A way will open.'"

When told the Japanese Government was discouraging the "peace navy" or British citizens going to Japan to join

it the Steels were not discouraged.

They had discovered that if someone in Japan would invite them over no one could stop them going.

Since then, a Japanese businessman, Mr. Twao Hasegawa, has invited them to be his guests.

Mr. Hasegawa said that if necessary he would pay the couple's expenses in Japan—for the cause of peace.

And, while they wait, letters from all over the country are pouring in — some from volunteers who want to join them, others offering money or help for the children, and some begging them not to go.

The most touching came from a widow of 45 who offered to go in place of Mr. Steel because she had no dependants.

One woman of eighty wrote from Devon trying to dissuade them, and, when she found their minds were made up, sent them a large pot of Devonshire cream with her wishes for their safety.

Volunteers, turning up daily to join the couple, are attracting interest all over the country.

"If we go on getting more we shall have enough to charter the plane to take us," says Mr. Steel.

"I do not believe in any form of blackmail and I promise you this is not moral blackmail."

"It is the only way we know to show mankind the folly of cruelty."

STATE VISIT TO PARIS

Hand-kissing out for French when meeting Queen Elizabeth

● Frenchmen, reputedly among the most gallant and courteous men in the world, have been given etiquette reminders for the State visit of Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip to Paris from April 8 to 11. Front-page stories in the Paris newspapers emphasise that they must not kiss the Queen's hand. They may almost, but not quite, kiss her hand.

FRENCHMEN have been asked to try to be thoroughly British about the whole English visit, and merely bow slightly.

There was a sigh of relief when the Parisiennes were told—again through their Press—that they need not worry about language difficulties as both the Queen and Prince Philip speak perfect French.

However, although the Royal couple both speak the language fluently, they are practising French in the privacy of Buckingham Palace drawing-rooms.

They have decided that the State visit to France—highlight of all the visits the Queen has made to friendly Powers—must not be marred by one imperfection.

French, therefore, has become the "official" language when they lunch or dine privately.

French conversation with bilingual members of the Royal households has brought a breath of France into the very English portals of Buckingham Palace.

There's never been such a rolling of "r's" and dropping of aitches among the staff who will be going to Paris for the visit. And there's never been such a generous handout of phrase books for the uninitiated.

While the British are learning their genders, the elegant French are busy learning new sets of manners for the visit of a reigning Sovereign.

French women do not as a rule drop a curtsy. French men do kiss ladies' hands.

The head of one London finishing school for debs has crossed the Channel to rehearse some of the French

ladies in the art of dropping a low curtsy without a wobble.

The elegant Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel, who will be "Dame - pour - accompagner" (lady-in-waiting, French side) to the Queen during her State visit to France, is one of the busiest women in the country.

She is not only having innumerable fittings for the magnificent wardrobe she will wear but also showing everyone from the little femme-de-chambre to the wives of the most distinguished men in politics and letters just how the curtsy is done.

The slim, blond Countess, who is the mother of four children, has had five years in London at the Court of

By
ANNE MATHESON,
in Paris for the
State visit

St. James. She was appointed Dame - pour - accompagner when the French discovered that a similar high-born lady was provided in the days when a sovereign visited the Court of France.

The highlight of the Royal visit will be the reception and banquet to be given by the French Government at the famous Louvre.

Wherever the Queen goes in fashion-conscious Paris her clothes will be the centre of attention.

But on this night of mink and diamonds, medals and orders against renowned paintings in one of the most magnificent and largest palaces in the world, Her Majesty and the gown she wears will be the focal point of a glittering scene.

Norman Hartnell, the Royal dressmaker, has created a

really fabulous full-skirted evening dress decorated with intricate beading and embroidery.

With this the Queen will wear her most costly necklace and bracelets, her high diamond tiara, the broad scarlet ribbon of the Legion of Honor, and the badge of the Order of the Garter.

Both the Queen's British ladies-in-waiting will wear white on this evening.

The Duchess of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes, will wear a gown of white organza. It is from the spring collection of Victor Stiebel, Princess Margaret's couturier.

Lady Margaret Hay, the Queen's Woman of the Bedchamber, will wear a gown of white peau de soie, also from Stiebel.

Although the Queen's clothes for the visit are a top secret, I know that blue in the deep twilight shade that was such a success when the Queen visited the French capital as Princess Elizabeth is a favorite color.

Paris this spring is really beautiful for the visit, and the French are making a superb gesture to see that it is an occasion which will long be remembered.

Already the famous capital is packed with sightseers.

The Queen's drive from the Palais de l'Elysee (official residence of M. Rene Coty, President of the Republic of France), where she and the Duke of Edinburgh will stay, will be in her own Rolls-Royce.

The car is being shipped from England, because its specially built-up seat and low windows will enable everyone to have a better view of the Royal couple.

President Coty himself has inspected the apartments in the Palace which the Queen and Prince Philip will occupy.

The Queen will be the seventh monarch to use the Louis XVth-style bed in the Elysee.

Caroline Murat, Napoleon's sister and the Queen of Naples, was the first.

Then there were the Empress Josephine, the Empress Marie Louise, Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, Queen Ingrid of Denmark, and Queen Frederika of Greece.

Madame Tito and Mrs. William Tubman, wife of the President of Liberia, also occupied the room on official visits.

Knowing the Queen's preference for not more than four



QUEEN ELIZABETH, looking mature and lovely in the recent photograph, above, might see this view of Paris spreading round the Seine River on her visit to the capital.



ELEGANT Comtesse de Crouy-Chanel, who has been appointed lady-in-waiting to the Queen during her State visit to Paris.

courses, the banquets arranged for the State visit will be curtailed.

When Queen Elizabeth visits the Hotel de Ville—the Town Hall of Paris—to reply to a speech of welcome, she will receive the first of the handsome presents the French will shower on her.

A small clock in lapis lazuli, standing between two inkwells bearing the Royal crest, will be given to Her Majesty by the City of Paris.

Carnival night

ON another occasion a replica of the small watch given to Queen Elizabeth by the then President of France, Monsieur Lebrun, when she was 12, and which she lost in the snow two years ago, will be presented to her.

In England crates of gifts chosen with the Queen's unerring good taste have been carefully wrapped and shipped to the British Embassy in France and await the Queen's arrival.

These gifts are for the President, for the City of Paris, for distinguished people in many walks of life, and for quite humble French people who have the honor of attending the Queen.

There will be a wonderful night of carnival when the Queen and Prince Philip sail



MAGNIFICENT view of the world-famous Champs Elysees, along which the Queen will drive during her State visit to Paris from April 8 to 11. The Queen's own car has been shipped for the visit.

along the Seine on board one of the famous river steamers, Borde Fretigny.

The river banks will be illuminated, and along them will be groups of French soldiers in historical costume.

However, it is when the Queen lunches in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles that all the splendor of the greatest epoch of the French monarchy will be re-created.

Surrounded by the same

magnificence of setting and ceremony which made the reign of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette one of the most brilliant in history, the Queen will sit down to another of the four-course banquets served from £8000 plate.

On the last day of the State visit the Queen will fly to Lille and Roubaix in northern France, where Australian wool is the gold thread linking the mills and couture of France with outback Australia.



GRAND SALON of the Palais de l'Elysee is the scene of many famous receptions such as this one above. The Queen and Prince Philip will stay in the Palais while in Paris.

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MUSIC AND MILLIONS

Wealthy US tourists cement family link

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● Carrying a ukelele and an improvised fiddle, American millionaire tourists Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Caspers stepped ashore in Sydney from the luxury liner Monterey to meet Australian relatives whom they had never seen.

BIG, cheerful Mr. Caspers, chairman of a 100-million-dollar organisation—the Mutual Savings and Loan Company of Pasadena, U.S.A.—is as good at making music as he is at making money.

Wherever he and his wife travel (Russia is about the only country they haven't visited) they take the ukelele and "bass fiddle."

This is an original instrument, evolved from a label-covered suitcase, which forms the basic structure for the metal springs.

Mrs. Caspers plays the springs, her husband strums the uke, and both add to the rhythm with voices of theatre standard.

Visiting Australia to "close that missing link between the families," Mr. and Mrs. Rudy Caspers discovered that the Australian Caspers, too, loved music.

Relatives from Sydney, Goulburn, and Taree gathered at the Neutral Bay home of Miss Agnes Caspers to meet Mr. Rudy Caspers, whose father, John, born in Germany, married in America and settled there.

His two brothers, Henry and Rudolph, migrated to Australia and settled in the Goulburn district.

After the talk died down and the family album was put away, the evening ended in music—Beethoven to boogie.

Singing and playing were: ● Pianist-composer Agnes Caspers.

● Contralto Ella Caspers Maloney, of Taree, who gained the title "Girl With the Golden Voice" after giving a Command Performance in London before the late King

George V and Queen Mary. ● Musician William Caspers, for 25 years conductor at St. Mary's Basilica, Sydney.

● Piano-tuner Joseph Caspers, of Taree.

Just before he sailed on the return trip after having invited the Australian Caspers to visit him soon in Pasadena, Mr. Rudy Caspers said, delightedly:

"The Australian Caspers are just like the Caspers in Germany and America—we've all got blue eyes, talent, a sense of humor, and the love of music. It's bred in the bone."

When the Monterey left Los Angeles, bound for Australia, Mr. Caspers' yacht Semarang followed the liner out to sea.

Own a bank

GIVING their parents a musical farewell from the yacht were sons and daughters Jean, Lou, Bill, Jim, Betty, Sethma, and Ronnie. Grandchildren aboard joined in the harmonising.

"Yes," said Mr. Caspers, "if it wasn't that our children owned a bank, they'd all be in show business."

"We all like making music—wherever we go. We're often out on Semarang. There's an electric piano, TV, radio—everything like that aboard her."

"I keep her staffed with a fulltime captain and crew, so that when we want to go on a cruise she's ready."

"We often go in yacht races, and when the race is over Semarang moors among the other boats—a kind of music centre for them."

"We plan to go in the Los Angeles-Honolulu race this July, and we'll send music over the air to our opponents."



MAKING MUSIC in their luxury-liner cabin are Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Caspers, of Pasadena, U.S.A., who visited Australia to meet their many relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Caspers live in "a little ranch house at Pasadena, set in three acres, right in the middle of town."

Behind is the servants' quarters, out front the swimming-pool, the race track, and stables for Mr. Caspers' palomino ponies.

Regularly each year Mr. Caspers leaves home to don buckskin, breeches, and riding-boots, and join the "Mass Ride" along the old mission trail from Santa Barbara and Santa Ynez.

Said Mr. Caspers: "Only men—500 of us. We have eight days on horseback—and the whole trip costs 500 dollars each."

"All the top businessmen go—and there are 300 people to look after 500 of us."

"Last year there were 56 paid musicians travelling with us, too. People like Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Will Rogers have been entertainers in the past."

"It's like a circus moving. By the time we riders reach the site at night, the bonfires are lit, the food is ready, the pianos are off-loaded from the trucks, and the camp is ready."

"It's a wonderful idea—it

started about 30 years ago with 15 riders—and last year's group of 500 was a wonderful, fun-loving lot."

"As a joke, they even took along a ukelele for me—about 15 feet high!"

"We eat well—strawberries and cream for breakfast, with fresh trout to follow. The other meals are all like that, too."

Mr. Caspers divides his year into six working months and six travelling months. Even when away from Pasadena he keeps in touch with the 37,000 customers of his company.

"I do it by institutional advertising," he explained.

"On my trips, I make recordings describing the various countries, the things we've seen, and the people we've met. I throw in a few gags, and add a little human interest."

"The recordings are sent back to the States, where they are turned into letters."

"The letters go out on beautiful quality stationery, accompanied by pictures of us on our travels."

"So, you see, 37,000 people will hear about Australia."



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THE LATEST KNITTING DESIGNS are featured in The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, on sale at all newsagents, Price 2/-. The 48 pages, lavishly illustrated in color, contain designs for 43 garments.



FAMILY LINE-UP on board Mariposa. From left: Mrs. H. Reynolds, of Chatwood, Mr. J. M. Arragon, of Avalon (relatives by marriage), Miss Kitty Newman, of Neutral Bay (friend), Mrs. Mary Caspers, of Goulburn, Mrs. J. Arragon, of Avalon, Mr. William Caspers, of Neutral Bay, Mrs. Rudy Caspers, of Pasadena, U.S.A., Mr. Joseph Caspers, of Taree, Miss Agnes Caspers, of Neutral Bay, Mr. Rudy Caspers, of Pasadena, U.S.A., Mrs. Ella Caspers Maloney, of Taree, and Mrs. William J. Caspers, of Neutral Bay.

Meteoric rise of young designer



YOUTHFUL MANNEQUIN shows a white-spotted tangerine chiffon dress with a bubble skirt at a Laroche showing. Guy Laroche, youthful Paris designer, has had a meteoric rise to fame in recent months as one of the leading French couturiers.



Brightest new star in the Paris fashion world is young designer Guy Laroche, who was unknown at the beginning of this year.

NOT since Christian Dior left Lucien Lelong's workrooms 10 years ago to open his own House has a new designer been hailed with such enthusiasm, not only in France but abroad.

At Guy Laroche's first showing the verdict was unanimous — an excited, "He's got what it takes!"

The news flashed round the Paris grapevine and over the newsagency wires abroad. In the United States, the solemn "New York Times" splashed his name on its front page and announced that he was selling dresses retail for at least 30 per cent. less than current Paris couture prices.

Although only 31 years old, Guy Laroche has already had 10 years' experience in Jean Dessès' workrooms, and has spent two years in America designing for the ready-made clothing trade.

But he made his big reputation in a tiny first-floor flat on the Avenue Franklin D. Roosevelt, almost within sight of Dior's.

"While Guy sketched, cut, fitted, chose fabrics and mannequins for his opening," said Simone, manageress of the firm, "we painted the flat, fixed up the central heating plant, and made curtains."

The day before the opening, Laroche was in despair. The collection was not nearly finished.

"Don't worry," said the 30 girls in his two tiny workrooms, which are about the size of an average bedroom, "we'll finish on time."

They sewed all through the day and night, and continued sewing the last models as the first ones were presented.

This is characteristic of the team spirit of the new House of Laroche.

Simone, the manageress, is a former Dessès model, and so is Christine Richard, one of the saleswomen.

**From
Marcelle Poirier, in Paris**

Two of the top Paris mannequins — Marie-Helene Arnaud, budding film star, and Ghislaine Arzac,

sought after by all the big fashion magazines—decided to go in with Laroche.

Jacky Mazel and Zoe Lefranc, two of Givenchy's mannequins, decided to take a chance with him, too.

Laroche also discovered and made a star overnight of 17-year-old Monique Dutot, a shy blonde with the eyes of a gazelle.

On his pay roll Guy Laroche has only 38 people, probably the smallest staff with which any fashion House has been launched.

"I want my House to stay small," he said. "If we move to a bigger establishment and take on more staff my overhead will increase and I will not be able to keep prices down. And that is one of my aims."



LEFT: In the small mannequins' dressing-room Monique Dutot, young newcomer, looks at a magazine over the shoulder of lovely Zoe Lefranc.

ABOVE: At the end of the showing of the collection, Monique Dutot tries out her favorite model, which was shown earlier by another mannequin.



★
 ABOVE: Guy Laroche, brilliant young Paris designer, poses happily with some of his staff. From left: Simone Sevastopolo, Chistaine Arzac, Marie-Helene Arnaud, and Christine Richard, a saleswoman.

★
 RIGHT: The Guy Laroche salon, converted from the former dining-room of a Paris flat, is no bigger than a normal living-room. One row of guests on each side leaves just enough room for models to pass.



AJAX ^{new} miracle cleanser with exclusive

"foaming action"
cleans
twice as easy,
twice as fast!

No other cleanser
cuts grease
so fast!



Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

No other cleanser
polishes so bright,
so fast!



AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, everything, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—in half the time!



★ AJAX IS GUARANTEED

Use AJAX on a portion of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

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PRODUCT

**FLOATS DIRT, GREASE and STAIN
RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN**

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No other cleanser keeps
porcelain so white—because
only AJAX contains
BLEACH

No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
- ★ AJAX smells good, too.

BUTCH



"So we're robbing out in the suburb tonight. What's the matter wit' the way I'm dressed?"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"Can I be a famous ballerina when I grow up? Can I? Can I, ple-e-ease?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Dearn

STUDENTS of social history a hundred years hence may find themselves confused at times between the Victorian era and the nineteen fifties.

The dried-flower and drift-wood school of decoration has a good deal in common with the wreaths under glass so popular in Victorian days. And a glance at the advertisement columns of American magazines devoted to the home shows that "modern simplicity" is an empty phrase.

Some of the objects, chosen at random from dozens of others just as remarkable, include a musical umbrella (the top turns round and plays a tune as you carry it); a clock which tells the time backwards for fun (the dial is reversed); a musical cigarette lighter; and what are described as "elegant moire flower-decorated slip-covers for book matches."

The first three of those four objects are sold with the line that they "stimulate conversation."

It is interesting to speculate on the scintillating conversation that arises between friends who need musical cigarette lighters to make them talk.

Of course, those who buy the moire match-book covers probably have no time to talk. They must be too busy dusting the clutter of objects they have already accumulated.

SINCE the broadcast weather forecasts began to include the likely temperature of the next day life has been much simplified.

My flat, for instance, always retains yesterday's temperature. I know this sounds unscientific, but I'm sticking to the statement.

Now one can listen to the radio and consult a personal chart. Mine runs like this:

Maximum, 70 degrees: Blue or black or, at a pinch, striped cotton.

Over 70: Last rose of summer. (In other words, get one more wear out of a sleeveless cotton.)

Maximum, 65: Iron a blouse for suit. Anything less: Cheer up. Winter won't last for ever.

MASSSES of American sailors have been in Sydney lately. As one ship-load leaves another arrives.

As usual, the sailors are popular with the local girls. But, when the icebreaker Northwind berthed in Woolloomooloo Bay, a girl I know fell in love, not with a sailor but with the ship's helicopter.

"It's a beautiful red color," she says with a far-away look in her eyes. "Red so that you can see it on snow, I suppose. And this red gives a rosy glow to the plexiglass canopy."

"I can look out my window, and it wafts up from the deck of the ship like a dragonfly, so close I could ask them in for coffee."

"Why don't you?" asked a more practical friend. "Are the pilots nice?"

"Oh, fair enough," she said. "They have a lovely rosy glow, too. But it's the helicopter that sends me."

SCHOOL seems to be more fun for the children than it used to be but parents are certainly required to be on the toes.

One friend of mine has a small daughter who remembers round about a.m. that she is supposed to take some strange article to school. In recent weeks she has asked for:

Empty matchboxes (a problem this, as the stove is electric and neither parent smokes).

A branch from a tree. A vase. (Mother had some trouble diverting daughter from a large crystal vasing-present vase).

Pictures of horses, cows, and pigs.

The animal pictures proved difficult. Mother finally ran them to earth in a National Geographic Magazine of the 1930s, which shows the virtue of hoarding.

Another mother was asked by a six-year-old son to cover an exercise book and put a name and a picture on the back. She sure he meant the front.

Argument followed, but she did the job the way.

"But I was so relieved," she said, "when he came home and told me the teacher said it was lovely. I felt as if I'd been awarded ten marks myself."

A WOMAN I know in the clothing trade has an answer to critics who say that sizes in women's clothing are a uniform.

She says it's not the sizes that need standardising, it's women's minds.

When busts were unfashionable women measured 34 used to say they were 32. Now they claim 36.

She told me: "I had a line of French sweaters whose manufacturers evidently decided to play along with this tendency. Size 38 just fitted the normal 34 customer. Seemed to make them happy, too."

POPULARITY of Elvis Presley is said to be waning in America, where new young singer, Pat Boone, is rising in favor with the teenagers.

Elvis, with his weird gyrations, Having tried his elders' patience, Sees the march of generations.

Earth keeps spinning on its axis, Fans grow up, pay rates and taxes, Find their ardor cools, relaxes.

Doff their jive clothes, wear stiff collars, Soon some other cove who hollers Starts to make a million dollars.

If he grates, don't tear your hair off, Just reflect, draw comfort thereof, Fans and singers—time takes care of.

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... naturally with **Kodachrome** film

To-day's photography is colour photography



... so easy, so wonderful the Kodachrome way.



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definition and colour richness.



Available in 8 mm., 16 mm. and 35 mm.



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Elegance is the keynote to Mrs. J. Watkins' gracious home in Illeroy Avenue, Killara, N.S.W. Like the other fine pieces in her collection, this lovely dining setting owes its rich lustre to regular protective care with Johnson's Pride. Her beautiful floors are kept beautiful the easy way — with Johnson's self-polishing Glo-Coat.

Wipe on richer lustre with **JOHNSON'S Pride** CONTAINING SILICONE *without rubbing!*



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Johnson's Pride, containing silicone, is the modern, scientific way to keep your furniture beautiful without rubbing. You simply apply Johnson's Pride, let it dry, then wipe it off. Sticky stains and finger-marks disappear as your furniture glows with all its original beauty. Pride gives long-lasting wax protection to both light and dark furniture, as well as refrigerators, washing machines and other household appliances. Discover how easy it is to keep your furniture beautiful with Johnson's Pride.

Polishing floors now as easy as dusting with **JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT**

Johnson's self-polishing Glo-Coat is the wonderful new way to shine your floors — wood, lino, vinyl plastic, rubber or asphalt tile — **without rubbing**. You simply apply Johnson's Glo-Coat — and watch it dry to a brilliant, long-wearing wax finish. Johnson's Glo-Coat beautifies and protects your floor surfaces while it saves you time and hard work right throughout your home.

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OF WAX POLISHES

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WW9

TELEVISION PARADE

● Practically every night an old radio show in its entirety, or something based on a good "sound" show, appears on the TV screen. The more I see of this the sillier it seems.

THESE transplanted radio shows are morals for criticism along the lines of "I've read the book, I don't want to see the picture."

It can be quite a mental hurdle to see that the powerful voice of your radio hero goes with a bald spot or that the lilting voice of your heroine comes from someone frankly middle-aged.

TV producers, stars, and stations are well aware of this. Already the transplanted shows are changing their styles, but the big success is being snatched from them by new shows that are primarily visual and exploit TV to its fullest extent.

Good examples of the success-snatchers are two Ken Howard racing shows over Channel 9, TCN, and the hilarious Pantomime Quiz, a live telecast from Channel 7, ATN.

The Ken Howard shows are the live telecasts of the Harold Park trotting on Friday nights at 9.30 and the Saturday night racing review at 9.00 p.m.

I'd classify them both as excellent, with the trotting rating a capital "E."

Until now I have been uninterested in horse sports to the point of turning off any racing programme. Now I look forward every time to the trotting programme.

Anyone would enjoy to see the trotters and meet the interesting people Ken Howard talks to between races.

What amazes me about these characters — trainers, jockeys, owners, and others — is their amazing confidence, poise, and assurance before the cameras.

For instance, it's rarely you see assurance like that of driver Alf Phillis.

Phillis stepped before the TV cameras with the noise of a demonstration against him still going on.

Howard asked Phillis how he felt about the booing, but it was obvious it was like water off a duck's back.

"I'm used to booing," he said. "But I'm still not sure why they boo me."

As well as these interviews there's an "odds to nothing" quiz and a Quinella Jackpot Quiz with a total of £100 prizemoney. The Quinella prize mounts from week to week if it's not won.

The quiz contestants are picked at random from the crowd at the trots.

People queue up near the TCN van in the hope of being chosen for the show, but this is no use. Howard chooses his contestants as he gets about the course.

They may come from the Members' Stand, the Public Enclosure, the Flat, or the St. Leger.

The Saturday night racing review is in a different form.



KEN HOWARD, famous racing commentator, whose radio shows on Channel 9, TCN, make full use of the visual possibilities of TV. Ken, who is photogenic, has been described by make-up experts as having the best type of TV face.

Chuck Faulkner accompanies Ken Howard in the role of mug punter, and Howard explains racing to him. It's everyday jargon to racing fans but double Dutch to me, and apparently it's the same to Chuck.

The highlight of the Saturday night session is the filming of the afternoon's racing. The official films taken for the Australian Jockey Club stewards are shown with a Howard commentary, regarded all over the world as classic.

Recently Mr. Justice Dovey, in his role as vice-chairman of the A.J.C., made some interesting pronouncements

Pantomime Quiz. She is the scorekeeper and the hands round of the sponsor's product.

The hilarious show is really the old parlor game charade played at the double, with one team headed by George Foster competing with another headed by Jim Russell.

Counting the captains, there are four a side. The more permanent members of the teams are actresses Bettina Welch, Wendy Blacklock, and Jacqueline Kott, actor Don Pascoe and Anthony Wager, and bandleader Ray Perksey.

One member of the team acts in dumb show a question or a gag picked from a bowl during the show. It's hilarious and ingenious, the sort of show that can start a craze.

One of the things that make it good is the team's intense concentration on the mimic that makes them forget the cameras. Believe me, the camera-unconsciousness is a treat for viewers.

Another treat is Wendy Blacklock, who, doing her miming, looks like an animated bracelet charm.

Yet another treat: all the people in the show are either young or good to look at. Some of them may preclude this description, but there is a charm about maturity that is good to look at.

Let's have more shows like these that make full use of the advantages of television.

★ ★ ★

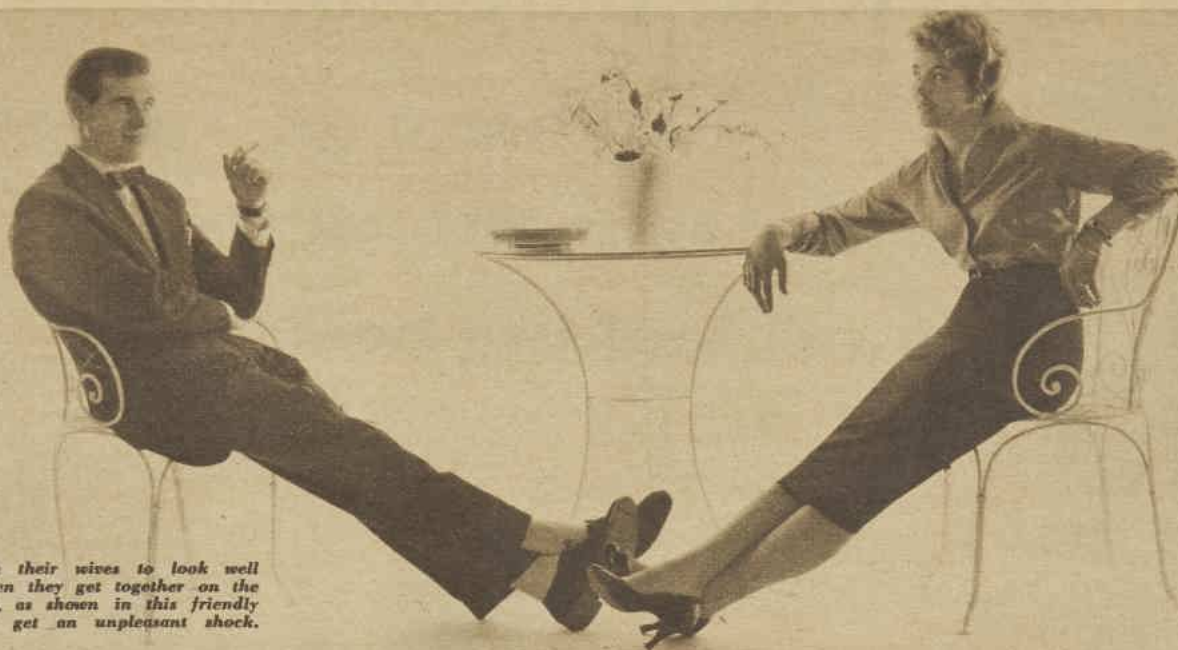
RENDEZVOUS at 9.30 on Tuesday nights, TCN's new show, has possibilities. It's compered by Harp Maguire. You see the floor show, Herbie Marks and his trio, with Peggy Brook and the people there.

It's fascinating to see in the act the people you've noticed winning and dining on the special pages for years and look at the clothes they're wearing.

ONE of the nicest TV family set-ups adds interest to the Pantomime Quiz on Channel 7, ATN. They are compered Harry Dearth and his blond daughter, Harriet.

Harriet, at 18, has her first professional engagement on

A WOMAN AND HER CLOTHES



HUSBANDS like their wives to look well dressed, but when they get together on the cost of clothing, as shown in this friendly discussion, they get an unpleasant shock.

IF the results of a survey I've just completed on women and their clothes are anywhere near correct, then I'm about to sabotage a big percentage of the husbands of Australia.

THIS survey began when readers asked how much women, to be reasonably dressed, should spend on themselves—clothes, hair, face—in a year.

As the survey progressed I became concerned, then alarmed at the thought of the massed husbands who would soon be waiting for me round corners with hatchets.

The plan of this survey was to talk to as many women as possible in the various age groups and to steer between the snarls of the male who says his wife is wildly extravagant and the wails of the female who "never has a stitch to wear."

So I interviewed middle-agers, young and not-so-young marrieds, and extended the survey to young professional, office, and factory girls.

My conclusions and discoveries, after trudging back streets and innumerable stairs talking to dozens of women, were these:

- Most husbands, if they expect their wives to be reasonably dressed, are grossly underpaying them.
- The spoil system from the housekeeping money, though it keeps the wife more efficient, does not encourage harmony. She seldom makes enough after the bills are paid to keep herself in the basic clothes she needs. Most women would prefer a steady clothes allowance.
- Many married women are in jobs largely to keep themselves in clothes.
- Most young married women go short on clothes themselves so that their children can be better dressed.
- Many professional and

office girls spend nearly half their salaries on clothes, hair, and face.

- Stockings are among the most costly individual items in every woman's budget. Shoes and cosmetics also run away with a lot of money.

- Few women these days make their own underclothes.

The general feeling among young and fairly young married women I interviewed was that, with the inevitable restrictions which two or three children imposed on them, they still needed at least £4 a week to dress simply.

This doesn't mean they had £4 a week to spend on themselves. Few spent anywhere near this. But £4 was what they felt they needed.

One, the wife of a young accountant, spent £165 on her clothes, face, and hair last year and her husband calls her extravagant.

The other, the wife of a mechanic, spent about £180.

The accountant's wife, mother of two young children, worked out this list for me, which she felt was basic to her needs but could not afford:

Four cotton frocks, one linen and one nylon frock, skirt and two blouses, one winter skirt, one dressy frock, one evening dress, two twin-sets — £92;

One winter suit every three years — £10 a year;

One topcoat every two years — £15 a year;

Four pairs of shoes, one pair of flat shoes, one pair of sandals — £25;

Twenty-five pairs of stockings — about £12;

All underwear and pyjamas — £30;

Swimsuit — £7;

Two hats — £10;

Two bags — £10;

Gloves — £5;

Hair — £5;

Cosmetics — £10.

Total: £231.

"That list contains nothing extravagant, as you can see," she said, "and I could cut it down by about £50 if I made my own clothes."

"I couldn't be well dressed on the total I've given, but I would look and feel nice, which is good for morale and a happy home life."

The middle-agers varied considerably.

Those with average or a little-above-average incomes estimated they needed between £4/10/- and £5/10/- a week

to be reasonably, though not well, dressed.

But the estimates of middle-agers on low incomes were much less, with the average below £3 a week.

Many office girls on from £11 to £15 a week told me they were spending nearly half their salaries on themselves and couldn't dress reasonably well on less.

Here is a fairly typical girl, salary £15 a week, who spends between £6 and £7 a week on herself and says she is

by no means well dressed on that.

Six summer frocks, £42;
Two skirts and four blouses, £30;

Cocktail dress, £18;
Evening dress, £22;

Suit every two years, £15;
Topcoat every two years, £12;

Twin-set, £20;
Slacks and sweaters, £10;

Six pairs of shoes, £48;
Stockings, £40;

By RONALD McKIE,
staff reporter

Underclothes and nightwear, £30;

Swimsuit, £5;
Three hats, £15;
Bags, £10;

Gloves, £5;
Hair and cosmetics, £30.

Total: £352.

Compare that list with one given me by a young professional woman, who, although she is an expert dressmaker and makes a big percentage of her own clothes, still spends at least £8 a week on herself.

Her list is illustrated in the photograph on this page.

This girl told me she was hoping to marry money. I assured her it was the only hope she had.

Groups of factory girls who earned around £10 a week and who made many of their clothes estimated they needed to spend about £3/10/- a week on themselves to be reasonably, though not smartly, dressed.

Here is a fair average list from a girl in a hat factory:

Three summer frocks, £6;

Linen frock, £3;
Winter frock, £5;

Two winter skirts, £4;
Evening dress, £10;

Party dress, £5;
Three blouses, £7;

Suit, £15;
Topcoat every three years, £7;

Slacks and shorts, £6;
Twin-set and cardigans, £12;

Shoes and sandals, £15;
Stockings, £25;

Two bags, £8;
Gloves, £5;

Two hats, £6;
Swimsuit, £6;

Underclothes and nightwear, £22;

Hair, £5;
Cosmetics, £10.

Total: £182.

None of these lists, you'll notice, includes things like raincoats, umbrellas, scarves, stoles, handkerchiefs, belts, costume jewellery, or any of those other bits and pieces which women gather to themselves.



YOUNG professional woman estimates her annual wardrobe bill at £418. The clothes here comprise—six summer dresses, £25; three winter dresses, £10; winter skirt, £10; three evening dresses, £40; two cocktail dresses, £15; casual party dresses, £10; blouses, £7; suit every two years, £20; topcoat, £20; twin-set, £20; slacks, £15; five pairs of shoes, £50; sandals and casual shoes, £15; hats, £6; stockings, £30; underclothes, £30; gloves, £5; bags, £20; hair, £30; cosmetics, £40.

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Richly coloured shadow checks with contrast roll collars, cuffs and matching cord trim. Your choice of blues, maroons, greens, browns . . .

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TRIO of competitors in the novice equestrian class at the Castle Hill Show (from left), Virginia Mathews, Leonie Bruce, and Gail Black waited in the centre of the ring for their event.



ARRIVING at the Castle Hill Showground on the second day of the annual two-day show are (from left) Mrs. Vincent Fairfax, Lady Carrington, wife of the United Kingdom High Commissioner to Australia, Lord Carrington, who officially opened the show, and Mrs. C. J. Ziliani. Mr. Fairfax is the patron of the show and Mr. Ziliani president of the show committee. Lady Carrington chose an ink-blue silk suit and a double-brimmed pink hat for her visit to the show.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

FOR the first time in Australia a three-day horse trial for both men and women will be held at the Royal Easter Show over a course similar to that used in the Olympic equestrian events in Stockholm, Sweden.

Fair-haired Susan Scales, of "Inveraray," Cassilis, has entered the trial and will ride her grey gelding Solo. Another competitor, Iris Clark, will come from Mount Gambier, South Australia.

The first section of the trial, the dressage event, will begin at 8 a.m. on Monday, April 15, in Centennial Park. The cross-country speed and endurance test over a fifteen-mile course will take place the following day, with thirty obstacles in the cross-country phase and twelve in the steeplechase phase.

On Wednesday, April 17, the third and final section of the trial, the Show jumping, will be held in the main arena at the Showground, immediately after the State Governor, General Sir John Northcott, has performed the opening ceremony.

Crack English rider Colonel V. D. S. Williams will judge the horse trial. He

helped to train the British Olympic team for the three-day horse trial at the equestrian events of the Olympic Games in Stockholm last year.

A SMALL dinner-party will follow the registry office wedding of Mrs. "Chebby" Watney and Gilles Kryger on Thursday, April 11. The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Badham, of Darling Point, will give the dinner party for about a dozen guests, including Beverley Coles, Helen Barder, and Lionel Sandy. Gilles and "Chebby" will return to a flat at Edgecliff after a honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise.

A DATE for your diary... April 23, for the Easter Ball arranged annually by the nurses at St. Vincent's Hospital, Darlinghurst. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jensen, will be guests of honor.



TENNIS STAR Beryl Penrose signs the register at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, after her wedding to Jim Collier. Beryl is a former Australian champion and has played at Wimbledon, on the Continent, and in the U.S.A.



LEAVING St. Andrew's Church, Canberra, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Murphy. The bride was Josephine Cathles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Cathles, of Wee Jasper.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Snashall have returned to Sydney after a honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise and will live at Turramurra for a few months. Mrs. Snashall was formerly Margaret Bate, only daughter of Mr. Jeff Bate, M.P., and Mrs. Bate, of Elizabeth Bay.



ART SHOW. Margaret Reed with artist Michael Kmit at his exhibition of 24 paintings at the Macquarie Galleries.

LOTS of people will be interested to hear that Elizabeth Anderson, of "Springfield," Young, will be married in England on Saturday, April 6. Elizabeth, who is the elder daughter of Colonel Charles Anderson, V.C., the Federal member for Hume, and Mrs. Anderson, will marry Lieut. Warwick Robinson, R.A.N. (E), at the Royal Naval College Chapel, Greenwich.

YOUNG travellers are continually arriving home in Sydney loaded down with souvenirs from the places they visited overseas. Janice Trivett, of Castlecrag, brought back twelve paintings by rising French artists who sell their work in tiny shops along the banks of the River Seine in Paris. And Barbara Northam, of Wahroonga, is longing for the winter so she can try out her skis purchased in Kitzbuhel, Austria, during her sixteen months' holiday in England and Europe.

AFTER the annual G.P.S. Regatta on the Nepean River at Penrith on Saturday, April 6, lots of teenagers will drive to Sydney for the River-view younger set informal dance at the Pickwick Club.



COMMITTEE MEMBERS helping to arrange the Mater Hospital Ball are president Mrs. Tom Bateman (left) and Mrs. Bruce MacFarlan. The ball will be held at the Trocadero on Wednesday, June 12.

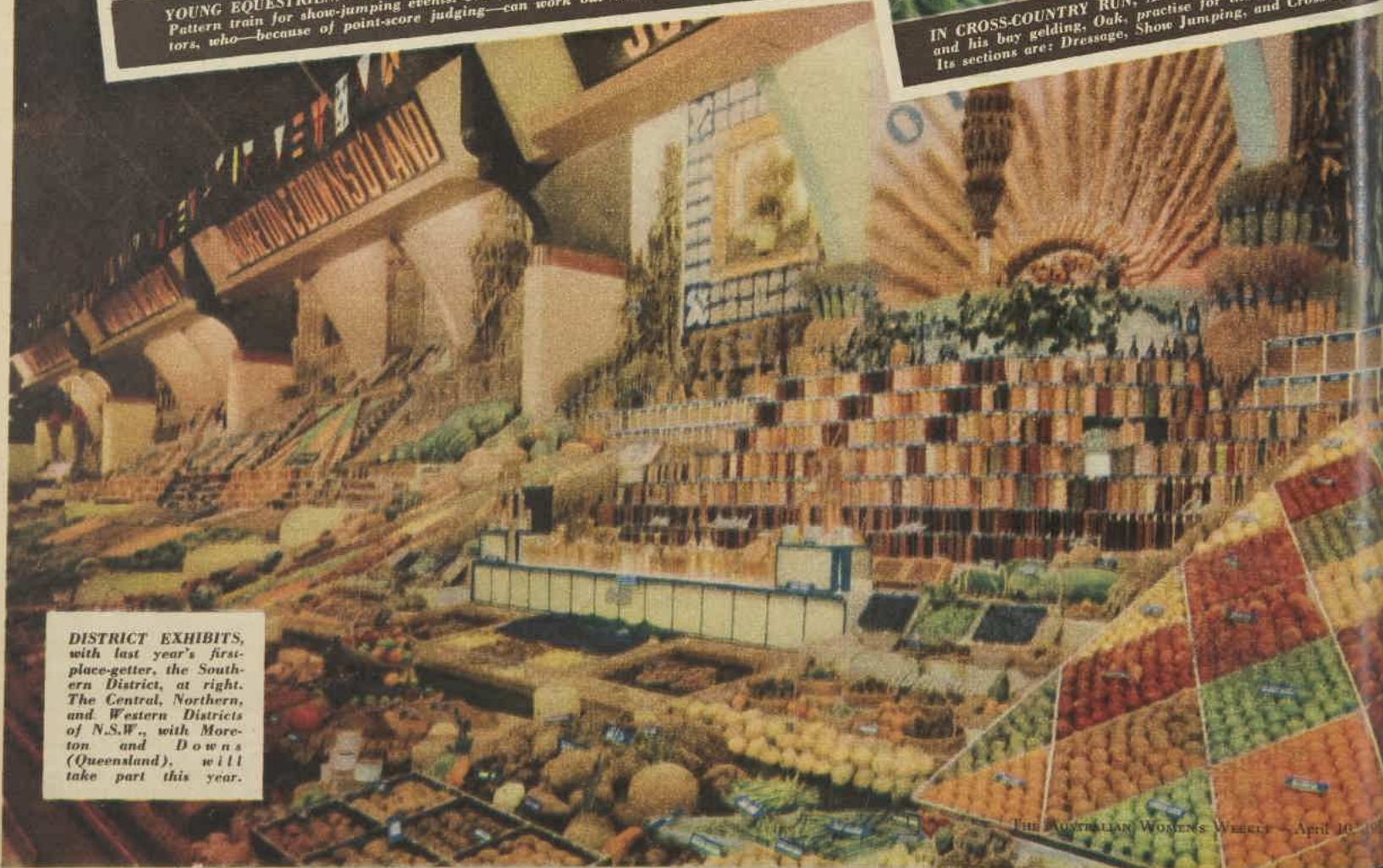
NO BUSINESS LIKE SHOW BUSINESS



YOUNG EQUESTRIENNE Jenny Gould, of Windsor, N.S.W., and grey gelding Willow Pattern train for show-jumping events. The jumping always has plenty of keen spectators, who—because of point-score judging—can work out each competitor's progress.



IN CROSS-COUNTRY RUN, Arnold Martin, of Hurstville, N.S.W., and his bay gelding, Oak, practise for the new Three Day Event. Its sections are: Dressage, Show Jumping, and Cross Country.



DISTRICT EXHIBITS, with last year's first-place-getter, the Southern District, at right. The Central, Northern, and Western Districts of N.S.W., with Moreton and Downs (Queensland), will take part this year.

● Sydney's Royal Easter Show—with its rush, hustle, and people everywhere—begins on April 12.

The Show goes on for 10 days and eight nights jam-packed with some interest, somewhere, for most people.

There's almost never-ending activity in the Ring; there are livestock pavilions (estimated value of pure-bred cattle this year is more than £2,000,000); there's the arts and crafts, the horticulture, industrial exhibits, sideshows, and sample bags.

There's no business like Show business, and pictures on these pages show some of the highlights.

This Easter it's bigger than ever



WOODCHOP events at the Show, always spectacular, draw some of the biggest crowds.



BROUGHTON FARM PEERLESS, an Ayrshire entered in the two-years-and-under class and owned by Mr. A. E. Garretty, of "Broughton Farm," Bolong, N.S.W. Prize-money in all Show sections this year is the highest ever, totalling £36,888.



SHOW JUMPING. Doug Green, of Coogee, N.S.W., and his grey mare, Zia, take a hurdle. Mr. Green will compete in the Three Day Event.

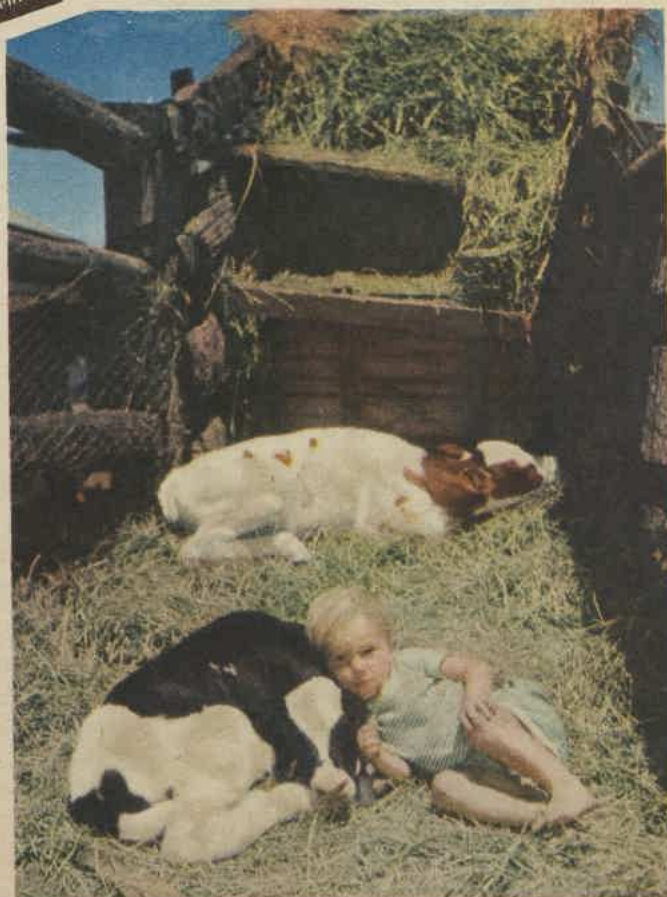


CLEARING A HURDLE is Neil Lavis, of Bodalla, N.S.W., with his chestnut gelding, Bendlong. Mr. Lavis is entered in the Three Day Event.



COCHRANE'S SUPREME (above), a black Ayrshire bull, was specially imported from Scotland by Mr. F. A. MacIntosh, of "Woodside," Berry, N.S.W.

TIME OFF (right) for relaxation, to be ready for the rush and bustle of the Show: Michael McQuillan, of Bondi, N.S.W., has a rest with two drowsy calves.





JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH **Colgate Dental Cream**

**CLEANS
YOUR
BREATH**



**WHILE IT
CLEANS
YOUR
TEETH**



STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!

Scientific tests over a 2-year period show a startling reduction in tooth decay for those who brushed their teeth with Colgate's right after eating! In fact X-rays showed no new cavities whatever for almost 2 out of 3 people.

Keeps children's teeth healthy

Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter — brighter — and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.



Colgate Dental Cream is Australia's largest —
America's largest — the world's largest selling dental cream
Get the family economy size and save up to 1/10. G233

The faster you're rid of
dangerous congestion the faster
you'll be rid of your cold or
'flu. **Bonnington's Irish Moss**
provides the fastest way to
get rid of all that dangerous
congestion. Keep up that
steady
SIP SIP SIP
at home and at work.
3/6 everywhere.

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

AN article I have just read in an overseas magazine urges the introduction of some international record system that would show a doctor what operation, etc., had been performed previously on a new patient. I have been amazed at the number of patients I have nursed who have borne the marks of what obviously have been major operations, but who are quite vague about the details. Many of the "facts" they state are clearly incorrect or confused.

Until some such international code is adopted I believe anyone who has had a major operation, illness, or medical investigation should ask the doctor for a brief written summary of what was done or discovered. This can be kept easily with other family papers, and would be there for reference if needed. In some cases it could save a life.

£1/1/- to "Nursie," P.O., Box 34, Caulfield South, Vic.

ADMIRING the magnificent display of hydrangeas in Melbourne's Botanic Gardens, my fingers absolutely itched to snip a few cuttings. However, reminding myself of the result if people helped themselves, I forbore. Wouldn't it be nice, though, if at pruning time the various Botanic Gardens were to leave stacks of cuttings in prominent positions so garden lovers could help themselves?

10/6 to "Hydra," Red Hill, Vic.

I WISH price tags on articles in shop windows were more prominently displayed. Often something catches the eye, but the price tag is discreetly placed almost out of sight, usually with the price upside down. Rather than go in to inquire, you walk on, wondering whether the price would have been within your means.

10/6 to Mrs. M. E. Crowley, Mount Molloy, Nth. Qld.

DON'T pity the woman who has another baby after a long interval. Of course, it means sacrifices for a time, but how well rewarded! It isn't long before the older ones, with their careers and love affairs, become absorbed in their own lives. Then the middle-aged mother finds, through this later child, fresh interests for herself. She is once again drawn into the Mother's Club, and makes new friends. The other mothers may be younger in years, but what matter? She becomes young again in spirit and outlook, not knowing a dull moment or a lonely one. Surely she is fortunate.

10/6 to Mrs. D. Cheesbrough, Collaroy St., Collaroy, N.S.W.

AS a teller in a suburban bank, I have to deal quite a lot with housewives—and the way the women present their money is the bane of my existence. Apparently, they stuff banknotes into their handbags in the same way they shove meat into a mincer—and the notes come out looking much the same. Men, of course, keep their banknotes presentable in a billfold.

10/6 to "Teller Feller," Beaumaris, Vic.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

The working mother

MAY I, as a mother who has worked since my children were babies, say a few words in reply to "In-the-black," who discussed working mothers (20/3/57)? My son and daughter are now growing up fast, and are all anyone could wish. My son has won school prizes, and my daughter is in the running for being elected school captain. Small things maybe, but they mean a lot to me—I am a war widow. Yes, I, and countless other women in my position, have longed to "be there when the children come home from school," waiting to greet and kiss them, and with a batch of newly baked scones ready. But I HAVE had a holiday from work, and been at home—what a consolation to see the lovely faces glow and light up because "Mum was there." By the way, I do manage to make my own and my daughter's clothes.

10/6 to "Worth It," Forrest, Canberra, A.C.T.

APART from the welfare of the children of working mothers, what about Dad? He comes home from work and often must set about helping with the evening meal, coping with an often tired, irritable "Mum," and children much more inclined to play up. I say "Hats off" to the husbands of working wives. They are deprived of the most important thing in a working man's life—coming home to a good meal and a peaceful atmosphere.

10/6 to "Iris," South Perth, W.A.

Family affairs

I FOUND a simple but effective method of settling arguments between my three small sons. I went straight into the fray and said, "Now, hands up those on my side." Up shot all hands, and then I pointed out that we couldn't possibly fight if we were all on the one side; this seemed to amuse them, and the flare-up was over.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Cooper, 33 Crowley Crescent, Ermington, N.S.W.

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

MEDICAL science has done very little to help victims of Somnia.

This is the habit of going to sleep when you don't want to.

The Somnia sufferer becomes drowsy during lectures, conferences, car journeys, picture shows, and social evenings, and at work after lunch.

I know because I have been one for many years.

The other night I had an attack after dinner when an old family friend, Mrs. Chatwell, was visiting us.

She was talking about her difficulties in getting suitable materials for new curtains when I felt my eyelids drooping.

I tried to wake myself up by thinking of Ava Gardner, but it was no use.

In the end I had to hold my eyelids up with my fingers. Mrs. Chatwell noticed this and left in a huff.

The simplest thing to do when a spasm of Somnia comes over you is to go to sleep.

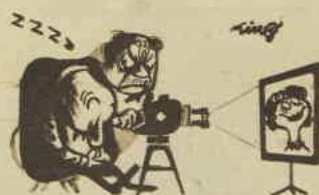
You can get away with this sometimes at concerts or operas.

440 WINKS

When you close your eyes there, people think you are carried away by the music.

But you should be careful not to let your head loll back and snore.

It's important to wake up when



the clapping starts and clap like mad.

Sleeping while you are at work is more risky.

If I am alone in the office when Somnia comes on I slump over the typewriter with my head on my arms.

But you must be able to sit up quickly when the door opens.

Bosses usually dislike to see employees asleep on the job—a short-sighted view in my opinion, as they wake up refreshed and more efficient.

If fellow-workers see you lying with your head on your arms they may think you are crying.

Then the word goes round the office that you are unhappy in your work or involved in a tragic love affair.

One of the deadliest situations for Somnia, I find, is watching a friend's home movies or color photos.

The room is dark, so it's easy to drop off.

The trouble is you are expected to say something now and again.

I woke up in the middle of one of these sessions a few weeks ago.

The host was screening color shots of his travels.

"This Queensland scenery is marvellous!" I exclaimed.

"It's Tasmania," he said coldly.

That was — er — er mmm —

Since I wrote the last sentence I went to sleep over my typewriter.

I feel a lot brighter now, thanks.

410 MEN'S AND BOYS' SHIRTS
520 PAIRS OF UNDERPANTS
520 MEN'S AND BOYS' SINGLETS
620 PAIRS OF SOCKS
832 HANDKERCHIEFS
208 COTTON FROCKS
1040 PIECES OF WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR
320 TOWELS
312 BEDSHEETS
208 PILLOW CASES
(TO MENTION BUT A FEW!)



**THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL
WASH THIS YEAR
... YOU? OR YOUR MACHINE!**

It's stacked against you—yes, *you*, the average housewife with a husband and two kiddies—*this is what you'll wash this year*. And when you see it heaped together like this you realize just how big a task you've got ahead. You could give up hope and do it on a 52 weeks' instalment plan—thousands of housewives still do. But a Washing Machine

will put new heart into your washday—take out all the drudgery—give you hours more leisure—put you in command of your wash. In fact, you'll wonder whatever's happened to Monday, when you own a Washing Machine. Get the full story on the benefits of owning a modern Washing Machine. See your local Electrical Retailer. Ask for a home demonstration if it's more convenient.



MORE TIME FOR LEISURE:

Only a machine could wash as fast and do it so gently and so well. You'll save most of Monday with your own Washing Machine.



NO MORE DRUDGERY:

Your washer does the heavy work—washes cleaner, than ever—doesn't wear out your clothes, or you—leaves you . . .



MORE ENERGY FOR OUTINGS:

You won't know it's been washday when you own a Washing Machine. You put in the clothes—your washer puts in the work—leaves you feeling on top of the world, ready for anything!



MORE CLEAN CLOTHES:

It's no effort to toss in the few slightly soiled clothes that in pre-washer days could have seen another wearing.

**EWD
WM**

EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE

Invented by THE HOME LAUNDRY MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA A Division of the Chamber of Manufactures of N.S.W.

Do it yourself
with bobby pins—a perm
and set all in one!



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Richard Hudnut's special pin-curl Home Perm for
soft, casual curls
(particularly for modern, short hair styles!)

NO other home permanent is so easy to do as Richard Hudnut's Pin-Quick. Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonderful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take out the bobby pins and your hair is set in your favourite casual style.

Dries in minutes instead of hours... use a hair dryer, go out in the sun or sit in front of a fire or warm oven. Magic Curl Control makes Pin-Quick the only home permanent you can quick-dry... and it sets the wave in your hair and curls ends naturally and gracefully.

Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh with no unpleasant, after-permanent odours—smooth, shining, silken soft.



CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE sell Pin-Quick, the amazing, simple, easy-to-do home perm by Richard Hudnut... 13/-

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THE DAVIS GELATINE ORGANISATION • FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER

First instalment:

'THIS WAS MY LIFE'

by *Baron*



Baron and camera.

● Royal photographer, man-about-Mayfair, and friend of the Duke of Edinburgh—that was how the world knew Baron.

But Baron, the camera magician, had another role, a role he kept secret. In the last months of his crowded life he was busy writing the story of the gay world in which he lived.

Baron died tragically on September 5 last year, aged 49, just before he was due to leave with the Duke for the Melbourne Olympic Games.

On these pages is the first instalment of the Baron story—"This Was My Life"—a witty, intimate account of the Royal and the famous.

Forgot to check range for pictures of Royal Wedding

IT was one of the greatest crises of my professional life. It occurred at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

It was the type of experience photographers have nightmares about, and for years afterwards the memory interrupted my sleep.

With a Press photographer on my left, I had been given the honor of photographing the Royal couple on their return to Buckingham Palace from Westminster Abbey.

The cheering told us of their approach and we checked our cameras.

My camera was an ancient Kodak Century, which looks

rather like an old mangle. It is as good as any camera I have ever had and I would not use any other for this kind of picture.

The Royal couple arrived looking happy and stimulated, scarcely at all under strain.

But the schedule pressed and I had time to take only four full-length black-and-white pictures before they moved on to make their next appearance on the balcony.

They were no sooner out of sight than I realised with a sudden horror that made me feel sick that I had not checked the focusing.

An historical moment had gone by, and so, probably, had my career as a Court photographer.

I pleaded with a Court official to take some more, but there wasn't a chance.

In an agony of apprehension I made my way through the crowds around Buckingham

Palace to the studio and cursed my own stupidity.

I handed in the plates, and, unable to bear the suspense of standing around helpless in the dark-room, I went back to my office to sit out a half-hour, which was one of the nastiest in my life.

It was broken in the end by Mr. Newby, my head dark-room operator, his face beaming.

"Spot on, sir," he said.

Shakily I helped myself to a stiff drink.

My assistant dashed in. "I say, Baron," he said, "what marvellous pictures. How did you get them?"

I had to blow off somehow, and I turned on him with a snarl. "By care and attention to detail," I said. "Something you youngsters should learn for a change."

A moment later I caught my reflection in my glass. It seemed to stare out at me with an expression of cold contempt.

I had come a long way from the old Victorian house in Higher Broughton, Manchester, where I was born Baron Nahum, the son of a Jewish immigrant from Tripoli.

I was the second of twins (my brother is now Mr. Jack Nahum, Q.C.), and we were brought up like most well-to-do Manchester children.

My first job was on a high stool in the family shipping business there, but a few months were enough for me. I resolved that from then on I would work only for myself.

I started two unsuccessful ventures in the clothing business. Then I came to London and started making documentary movies.

But after six years of futile endeavor I found myself back at the beginning, with no money, no prospects, and my 30th birthday coming up.

Absorbed in these depressing thoughts I crossed the Channel to visit my parents.

My father had retired to Monte Carlo. Mother sensed my bitterness, and either as a consolation present or as the result of some maternal psychiatry she gave me a camera, a Leica, for which she had paid £16.

I bought myself a little book on photography and read it from the first page to the last, and then all over again so that I could get the hang of the thing. That was the only instruction I have ever had in photography. But the result!

I took a picture of my mother, and it remains one of the best portraits I have ever taken. I took pictures of road races and a few outdoor portraits of friends I buttonholed.

Suddenly something happened. The picture upside down in a glass screen was no longer detached from life. I had made it breathe and grow.

As profession

I RETURNED to England resolved to take up photography as a profession. Joining forces with my friend Reggie Eyre, we formed a little company called "Q" Company, Limited.

I had a small income from shares in my family firm and this enabled me to rent a small flat and buy the minimum necessary equipment, which consisted of a portrait lens for my Leica and three second-hand floodlamps costing 30/-.

We each borrowed £30 from our respective parents as starting capital and set to work.

Business was good from the start, even though there were many growing pains.

In 1937 I worked on my first movie, "Fire Over England," which featured two



PHOTOGRAPH Vivien Leigh wanted to ban because she said it made her look fat. Said Baron: "I never photographed her again." The picture was taken 20 years ago.

Memoirs of famous Court photographer



PRINCE WILLIAM of Gloucester lends a hand with the tripod. Behind him is his brother, Prince Richard.



ACTRESS Sally Ann Howes, the girl Baron would have married, and to whom he dedicated his life story.



BARON with the late King George VI and Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace. Baron photographed the King only once, to mark his 25th wedding anniversary.

new personalities, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. This was several years before they were married.

With a one-shot color camera I took several shots of Vivien Leigh in the magnificent Elizabethan costumes designed by Vincent Korda, and placed what I thought was the best in a magazine.

I was well pleased with myself. A few days later I received an urgent summons to see Miss Leigh.

How dared I, she complained. The picture made her look fat in the face and must be withdrawn at once.

It was withdrawn, over my arguments, but I never photographed Miss Leigh again.

By the time the war came the name "Baron" was just beginning to appear regularly under the photographs of stage and screen stars in the glossy weeklies.

Society, to a large extent, was closed to me, but I was busy seven days a week on stage work and in photographing the ballet, which had become a passion with me.

It was in my early days of association with the ballet that I made my first photographic contact with Royalty.

I had met Earl Mountbatten—then Lord Louis—in 1935, and through Lord Louis I was invited by the Duke and Duchess of Kent to take pictures of themselves and their children.

This was a chance I had been waiting for, to break

away from the immobile pictures of Royalty at attention with hands down the seams of their trousers, which seemed to be standard at the time.

To be frank, my ambition was formed by my limitations. My only camera was still my Leica miniature. I could afford no other. I could not have taken a set, conventional pose even if I had wanted, because the Leica did not lend itself to anything except action pictures. So action pictures I had to take.

I climbed into my ramshackle car and drove to Coppins, the country home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent. Brother Jack came along for the ride and for the thrill of seeing Royalty. His job was to hold the reflectors and act generally as assistant while my partner, Reggie Eyre, went to work with a second camera.

We were all introduced gravely to young Prince Edward (the present Duke of Kent) and his little sister, Alexandra.

They were both delighted to be having their photographs taken and so full of exuberance that Edward grabbed my camera and made off with it. Jack, Reggie, and I stalked the little Prince with tense smiles while Edward retreated.

Every time we stopped, baffled, he hove to, watching us with interest while he clutched my precious Leica.

"Come on," I said winningly. "I'll give you a chocolate if you give it up."

High spirits

FORTUNATELY, the adventure had put both Edward and Alexandra into splendid spirits and I was able to capture some of their antics.

My annoyance faded. They were the most entrancing children to photograph.

By 1950 my camera and I had been witness to many, if not most, of the celebrations of the Royal Family.

I found at the beginning that nervousness made me not so much over-timid as overbold and I am haunted still by the feeling that when I photographed the late King George VI and Queen Elizabeth I was more brusque than I had any right to be.

That wore off and I found

all members of the Royal Family so wise in the ways of the camera that co-operation came naturally.

I was invited to the christening celebrations both for Prince Charles and Princess Anne, and asked to take some informal pictures.

I laid my plans carefully for Charles' christening, and to prepare for any circumstances I went armed with a rattle.

I wish I hadn't. As I began to take the pictures Charles started to cry. I stepped forward with the rattle to pacify him.

Taken by surprise, perhaps by the primitive ferocity of my appearance, the Prince stopped crying, and for a moment opened his eyes, for the first and only time during the session. But I was holding the rattle and not the camera, and that is how I missed the best baby picture of the year.

I photographed King George VI only once, for the official pictures of the celebration of the 25th anniversary of his wedding.

In one shot the King was sitting at his desk writing with terrific concentration, as though he were drafting a proclamation, while the Queen looked over his shoulder.

While I took the picture I wondered what he was really writing, and after I had finished I went over to see. He was doing noughts and crosses.

I have photographed the Duke of Edinburgh, I think more than the rest of the Royal Family put together.

Philip, although he is strikingly handsome, is not an easy man to photograph. His face is so mobile and expressive that sometimes he looks stern when his face is merely in repose.

It is characteristic of him that he will not laugh or smile to order, and you have to watch carefully for the right moment to catch his expression.



WHEN Baron was starting to make his name in the photographic world, a new star was rising in the theatre. Here is Baron's picture of Laurence Olivier with Tamara Desni.

Now to Sally Ann Howes. About Sally Ann I feel as though I can write a book—or nothing.

As a photographer, I can say that I have never seen another face in which the character is so precisely defined.

The nose is tip-tilted, the mouth full but sensitive. A beautiful neck is set on rounded shoulders. Her chin is strong and her ear small but well-shaped, making for a perfect line.

Blank wall

IT took me some time to photograph her, for the uncomplicated reason that she disliked me from the moment she saw me.

I asked her out to dinner and she replied, without ambiguity: "No."

Incredulous, I asked why not. She told me why not.

I met her at other parties and ran into the same blank wall. Then one evening I found myself face to face with her again.

I chatted defensively to the cold Sally Ann and suddenly

caught the hint, just the hint, of a smile.

It was enough, and it began what has proved to be a long friendship.

My enthusiasm for Sally Ann did not stop at letters and telegrams. Sometimes I even scaled the 80 stairs to her top-floor apartment to take her to dinner.

When a man in his late forties with an arthritic leg is prepared to do all this, not occasionally but steadily, it is clear that a way of life is changing, and that seems in this case to be true of mine.

I believe that the long white sands of my bachelor days are running out.

As this story is dedicated to Sally Ann Howes so are the remaining years of my life, and one day soon, perhaps, Sally Howes will be Mrs. Baron Nahum.

[Death ended Baron's dreams and soon afterwards Sally Ann Howes went to work on a new film, "The Admirable Crichton," to forget the man she loved.]

Next week: I meet Margot Fonteyn



"SOME of my best pictures of the Duke of Edinburgh were taken at my flat," are Baron's words. The Duke plays with Baron's cat while former secretary Michael Parker glances at a book.



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We're proud to add these two new designs in fashionable tweed effects to our well known range of colours and styles.

With a roomier cut and nylon added for strength, they're available in a wide range of exciting marled colours — sizes SSW to OS. Warm and snug — they're fleecy-lined. You can wear them anywhere.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● "Hasten slowly" is a good motto for romancing girls. They always seem to want to hurry light-hearted friendships into a "going steady" atmosphere.

HERE is a letter from a girl who is wondering what she should do about the birthday of a boy-friend.

"I AM 15, and have been going out with a boy for four consecutive Saturday nights with hints also of future nights. He will be 17 early next month. Do you think it would be too forward to buy him a birthday present after knowing him only a month? Mum says I should, but my girl-friend says I shouldn't. I would be very grateful for your opinion."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

Give him a present if you'd like to, but I wouldn't. He doesn't need a present to know how you feel about him. I'm against setting such a precedent. I think it makes a friendly association into a more serious one, and I'd wait for him to do that. Wait till his next birthday; if he's still your Saturday-night date he'll be present-giving material.

"I LIKE a boy, but I'm not quite sure whether he likes me. A few weeks after we met he asked me did I have a boy-friend and told me he didn't have a girl-friend. I only see him once a week and he always stops and talks. He often says why don't I go dancing, but I'm really not interested in it. Do you think I should go? As yet he has never asked me for a date. I am inclined to be a bit shy sometimes. I am 20."

W.S., Terrigal, N.S.W.

I'm sure he likes you, otherwise he wouldn't talk to you, but he seems to be like you, "inclined to be a bit shy sometimes." I wouldn't go dancing if I were you, unless he takes you, or someone else does. I'd just wait around, and if he really wants to see more of you, he'll ask you for a date. But don't ever fall for that "see you inside" routine about the dance. It would be ghastly if you went and he didn't.

A word from Debbie...

HERE are a few clues about shoes that will help you to put your best foot forward, always.

Be kind to your shoes, and polish or brush them after wearing them. "After" is the right word—shoes appreciate being put away clean to recover from wear and tear.

Buy shoe-trees and always keep your shoes on them. Why? Shoe-trees lessen problems caused by wet weather.

You may perspire less than most people, but, no matter how little you do, your shoe linings will always have a degree of dampness after wearing.

First thing affected is the lining of the shoe between the instep and the toes. As it begins to dry, the shoe leather will shrink slightly and retain for good and all the creases and hollows left by your foot.

Shoe-trees lessen this effect, hold the shoe open, and allow it to dry quicker.

Next time you buy shoes, buy trees, too, and check how they prolong that new-shoe look.

"AS I am about to start preparing a glory box, I wondered if you would be able to help me by sending me a list of what you consider necessary for my trousseau."

D.B., Brisbane.

These days trousseaus vary according to how much money you've got, where you're going to live, and how you're going to live. It is no longer socially necessary to have "a dozen of everything."

The average girl marries with a good supply of pretty underclothes (not too many, so they won't get old-fashioned), and an adequate supply of household linen.

Girls who are going to work after they are married must be prepared to sacrifice elaborate table linens that will cancel their weekend leisure in laundering, and have table-mats or cloths or something easy to look after.

Then again, if you're starting off in a furnished flat or part of a house, money in the bank to spend later is better than a big trousseau packed

away till the happy day when you get some bigger and better place to live.

"I AM a 16-year-old school-girl. I am quite pretty and have a reasonably good figure. Lately I have become very worried because our Physics teacher has been saying some suggestive things to me and he often embarrasses me in front of the whole class. The other pupils are sure he is in love with me, but I don't welcome his attentions because he is married with three children. Please tell me what I should do."

K.S.T., Melbourne.

I know you will loathe me, but I am going to suggest that you do something that will bring this situation that you are enjoying so much to an end. Put your nose in your school books, do your work, and stop paying court to the teacher. If this doesn't stop his attentions (I doubt their existence) you will have to speak to your parents and let them deal with the situation.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

YOU don't need to "brush up your Shakespeare" to enjoy the LP of the Rodgers and Hart 1938 musical "The Boys from Syracuse," which is based on Shakespeare's "A Comedy of Errors."

The show, and subsequently the highly successful film version, were well before the days of putting a play on to disc, and this LP (KLL515) is a modern studio performance with full cast, chorus, and orchestra giving a vivid impression of an actual on-stage production.

Musical-comedy fans have long regretted that this play has been overlooked by the record companies, but now the omission is fulfilled brilliantly

by such favorites of Manhattan as Portia Nelson, Jack Cassidy, and Bibi Osterwald.

Portia, a gal with a personality plus, draws the two hit numbers—"Falling in Love with Love" and "Sing for Your Supper"—while the rest of the zesty cast share up tunes that positively sparkle with witty lyrics such as only the late Lorenz Hart could write: "Dear Old Syracuse," "This Can't Be Love," "He and She," and "Oh, Diogenes."

As far as I'm concerned there's only one dull track, a ponderous number called "The Shortest Day of the Year," which sounds rather like a try-out for Rodgers' "Younger Than Springtime,"

heard many years later in "South Pacific."

"DREAM Dancing" is the rather soupy title disguising one of the most ingratiating LPs I've heard in months. The blurb describes it as dance music for "boys and girls who get that cheek-to-cheek look in their eyes." That may be so, but it's also a fine collection of beautiful old standards played by Ray Anthony. The arrangements are satin-smooth and the playing is faultless, introducing as it does subtle Glenn Miller undertones. Among the eight tracks on H.723 you'll hear "Laura," "Out of Nowhere," "I Only Have Eyes For You," and "Stars Fell on Alabama."

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

How does she manage to do it?

On the go all the time... perfectly poised and serene any day of the month. How does she do it?



She uses Tampax internal sanitary protection, of course! Tampax makes you feel far more like your "other days" self, because it needs no belts, no pins, no pads—no fastenings of any kind. It is made of highly absorbent cotton in a special "applicator" or holder, that makes it very easy to put in place. Tampax is simple to change and dispose of. Fastidious women prefer it because you never have to touch the cotton with your hands. They like the way Tampax—invented by a doctor—prevents odour forming. Invisible and unfelt when worn, Tampax gives you so much more confidence and peace of mind. Have a packet of Tampax ready for next time. You can buy it at chemists and stores. There are two absorbencies—Super and Regular. An average month's supply goes in your handbag.

—Send now for a—

TRIAL PACKAGE

The Nurse, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney. Please send me a trial package of Tampax in a plain wrapper. I enclose 3jd. stamp for postage.

Name _____
Address _____
N194



JUST TELL THE WIFE

to buy FORD PILLS
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 6/-
EVERYWHERE



FORD PILLS

Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

GOLDEN GIRL . . . Penny Weekes, of Mosman, N.S.W., needing only the sun's spotlight to flatter pearly skin, pretty neck and arms. Just 16, Penny is a true Australian beauty-in-the-making, her skin knows only the gentle care of Rexona Soap.



REXONA soap helps skin blemishes disappear

You simply can't hide blotches and skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is specially medicated with Cadyl, a fragrant blend of rare beauty oils, cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth. Just one lather with this mild, pure soap helps restore skin to radiant, natural loveliness.

Bath Size 1/5 Regular Size 1/1

MEDICATED WITH CADYL
TO GUARD YOUR
NATURAL LOVELINESS ALL OVER



X.139.WW142g

STRANGE but TRUE

Dramatic drive in open sulk beat a vicious hailstorm

● First prize of £10 in our Strange but True Contest was won this week by Mrs. M. E. Scott, 27 McArthur St., Guildford, N.S.W.

HERE is Mrs. Scott's remarkable story:

"About two years ago I lived in a small country town and was the proud owner of a pony and sulky.

"It was a sultry day when I expected my invalid sister to arrive by train from Sydney, and since the station was six miles away I decided to drive the sulky in to meet her, taking my little daughter with me.

"As the train arrived, great black and grey clouds rolled threateningly overhead. I thought of my frail sister facing a storm in our open vehicle, and had no wish for my little girl to get a ducking, either.

"Wisdom prevailed and I put them on the bus. The local schoolmaster's son gallantly offered to come with me, saying, 'Bess (my pony) might be hard to handle if there's hail.' I gratefully accepted his offer and we set off to follow the bus.

"The bus reached the punt we had to use to cross the river ahead of us, and we were left for the next load. Before the punt reached the other side it was lost to sight in a white wall of rain and hail, though no rain fell on our side.

"Even when we had crossed the river we drove those six miles, following that white wall all the time, with the road awash and hail piled in drifts everywhere.

"Not a drop of rain or hail fell on us. We seemed to drive as under a charm, and reached home safe and dry to be greeted anxiously by my people."

Picture poser

"MY eldest son recently went on a tour to San Francisco from Queensland, where he lives. While away he bought a present for me of a viewmaster with eight films of different countries, one of the films showing Western Australia.

"After we had all viewed them closely, my second son was looking through them when he suddenly said, 'I'm in this picture!'

"He was, too—standing at the head of the boat he used to sail in the regatta at Claremont, Western Australia. The number of the boat, W.41, could be seen plainly on the sail.

"When I wrote to my son in Queensland to tell him, he said he did not know his brother was pictured when he selected the films, and remarked that 'One wouldn't read about it.' But I hope he does this time."

£2 to Mrs. E. Riley, 281

Preston Point Rd., Bicton, W.A.

Saved from adder

"MY husband and I were out prospecting for gold and we had our two dogs, Rover and Lassie, with us. They would not settle down but kept barking and sniffing the air.

"So my husband told me to hold the dogs back firmly while he went to get an old drum he wanted to use.

"He walked a few yards forward from me, picked up the drum, looked inside, and put his hand in to pull out some rubbish. Then, as there was still some rubbish in it, he half-tipped it over—and out crawled a death-adder about 2ft. 6in. long!

"As he did this the dogs knocked me over and bounded towards him, and tried to grab the adder, but he ordered them to leave it alone, and they obeyed.

"While the dogs ran about barking madly he killed it with a stick, but we both suffered severe shock and left the spot as soon as we could."

£2 to Mrs. N. Osbourne, Homebush, via Mackay, Qld.

Runaway car

"YEARS ago we had planned a camping trip from Sydney over the Blue Mountains in our old 1914 'Tin Lizzie.'

"With four children under seven years old, getting ready was an effort, which probably is why I dreamt I saw the car, with three children in it, running off the road and down a steep, tree-covered slope.

"Telling a friend of this, she said she wouldn't go camping after a warning like that, to which I replied that it was just a dream, and, anyway, we were taking only two children, not three.

"The weather was bad over the mountains, and when we reached Blayney, wet, cold and miserable, we decided to stop over with friends, who later took us sightseeing up Mount Canobolas.

"Returning by a short cut, we stopped to admire the view,

and 'Lizzie' refused to go again. I got out and pushed. No result. Dad got out to help and the car slid off the slippery clay track and ran down the hillside.

"Dad ran after it, scrambling on the running-board, got over, and applied the hand brake, which slowed her slightly. With me hanging on to the folded-down top he steered between two trees and into a third.

"Result—two broken lamps, three broken ribs. Dad, scratched legs and stockings for me, and five very scared children. I see, we had our host's story with us, so my dream, unfortunately, came true."

£2 to Mrs. E. Cox, Ben Longford, Tas.

Mystery watchdog

"ONE night, when I had only been in Melbourne a while, I decided to visit some friends after work.

"Once there we became grossed in our conversation and it was well after 11 p.m. when I left them to go home. Not being too sure about trams I should get, I walked back. On my way I had to pass a park, and I was scared of the dark there.

"To make matters worse about 50 yards from home two men stepped from shadows, pushing each other around and acting suspicious. When they saw me stopped a minute and started walking towards me.

"By this time I was frightened I could barely see, and all the while there was wordless prayer in my mind. Suddenly I noticed a huge dog beside me. It didn't look at me, but just kept on going by my side and a few inches ahead of me.

"The men stopped at their tracks, then turned and crossed the street as fast as they could.

"The dog walked with me to my gate, and when I turned with a thankful sigh of relief to shut the gate the dog was gone."

£2 to Mrs. D. H. Albert St., Mornington Vic.

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly in not more than 250 words. The story must be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic. It can be true or false, but must not have been published previously. It can be a dream, a vision, or a story.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries will be returned, nor any correspondence entered into. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.



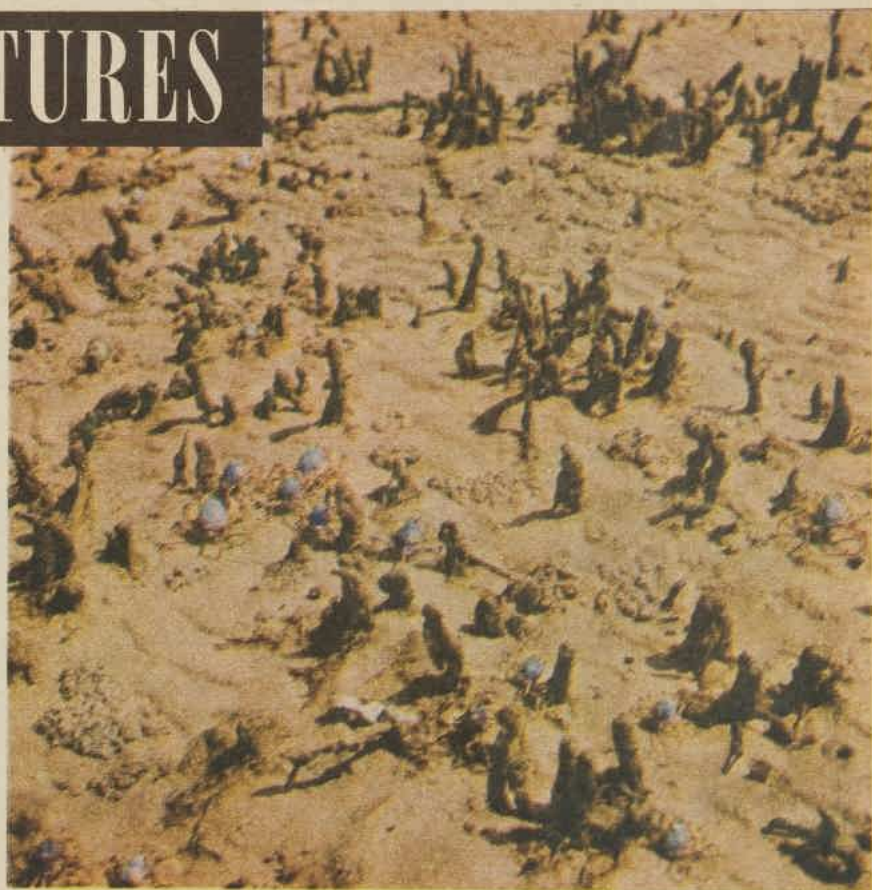
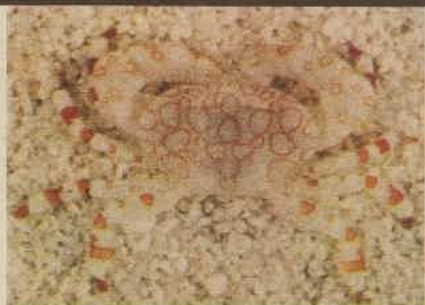
GHOST CRAB (*Ocypode ceratophthalma*) lives on sandy beaches above the high-tide mark. *Ocypode* means swift-footed. Because of their speed, nocturnal habits, and protective coloring, these crabs are very difficult to photograph. On islands of the Great Barrier Reef their food includes newly hatched baby turtles making their way to the sea. Crabs, prawns, and shrimps are crustacea.



HERMIT CRAB. All the hermit crabs live in the empty shells of molluscs, thereby protecting the softer parts of their bodies. This one, the Porcelain-white Spotted Hermit Crab (*Pagurus deformis*), acts as host to the anemones living on the shell. The anemones share the crab's food and are provided with transport. As it grows a hermit crab has to "move house," finding a bigger shell each time.

These are Australian SEA CREATURES

TWO EXAMPLES of the colorful and often beautifully patterned crabs of the coral reefs. The one below is *Trapisia cymodoce*, found among the living pink coral. The reef crab at right belongs to the genus *Liagore* and is a new species as yet not fully named.



SOLDIER CRABS (*Mictyris longicarpus*), seen (right) on flats among mangrove roots. They are found from temperate waters to the tropics, and are a familiar sight on the tidal flats of Australian estuaries, moving in army-like formation. This picture taken by Stirling Macoboy at Port Stephens, N.S.W.



RED HERMIT CRAB (*Pagurus megistos*), common on the reef flats of the Great Barrier Reef, off the Queensland coast. This picture and others on the page (except that of the soldier crabs) were taken on the Barrier Reef by Ederic Slater.



MANTIS SHRIMP (*Stomatopoda*). This curious creature is well equipped for seizing slippery prey. It has a pair of spiny forelimbs that snap shut like the folding blade of a clasp-knife. These forelimbs resemble those of a praying mantis.

Your family's health— How much better CAN it be?

Important facts in the interests of your husband, your children and yourself

Most of us who consider ourselves in good health are, in fact, not always "a hundred per cent". It is common to hear people say, "Oh yes, I feel well enough", but they add "I only get a bit tired now and then", or "I don't sleep too well these days", or "I feel irritable at times and lose appetite".

Through lack of knowledge these people speak of such troubles as being only natural—just a part of modern living.

Actually they are a part of modern living but modern living is not altogether natural living in the true sense of the word and some assistance is often needed. The difference between being "just well" and "right on top" is often a matter of good nutrition.

Now, what is good nutrition? It is not necessarily the taking of a lot of food—it is largely the result of proper balance in the various components of the food and a balanced diet is absolutely essential for maximum health. A balanced diet provides adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, fats and proteins in the correct proportions of one to another.

WHAT VITAMINS DO:

Of recent years, much has been learned of the vitamins and the part they play. The subject is rather complex and could be dealt with at length but a general understanding can be gained from the following:

Vitamins are substances which occur in minute amounts in the food we eat. They are essential for the proper functioning of the bodily processes and thus for life. About twenty vitamins have been identified by animal experiment but only a few have been shown to be of practical importance in human nutrition. In this class are vitamins A, B₁, C and D.

VITAMIN A is necessary for clear skin and good eyesight.

VITAMIN B₁ is needed for proper nerve function and to ensure you get the value from energy producing foods. Insufficient vitamin B₁ is a cause of neuritis and kindred complaints.

VITAMIN C is essential, as well as vitamin A, for a good skin and is especially important for healthy gums and teeth.

VITAMIN D is essential for proper bone formation.

As stated, vitamins are normally contained in our food but the factors of modern living need to be appreciated in order to know why we do not always get sufficient vitamins. Following are some common reasons:

- Cooking causes a substantial loss of vitamins in some foods.
- Vitamins are lost through exposure of the food to light and air during the long course of wholesale and retail distribution.
- The modern practice of taking quick "snack" meals—pie or toast, etc.—of little or no vitamin value.
- The natural inclination for most people to eat "what they fancy" rather than what they need.
- The worry and strain of modern times which affect digestion and the value got from meals.
- The present high cost of food which is causing many to omit certain essential foods from the daily diet.
- Scarcity of some foods at times.
- The need of certain individuals for more than normal amounts of vitamins—expectant and nursing mothers, convalescents, growing children, tense, nervy types of people.

Due to such factors as these it can be seen that vitamin deficiency is more common than is generally realised and that most of us could well benefit by giving attention to vitamin requirements.

If every person were an expert dietitian or had a dietitian prescribe exactly what he or

she should eat and how it should be cooked, vitamin deficiency would be unlikely.

All this, of course, is not possible and it is with the object of providing extra vitamins to balance the diet that the product 'AKTA-VITE' has been developed.

'AKTA-VITE' gives you vitamins

'AKTA-VITE' has been specially designed to provide a "cover" of those four important vitamins already mentioned—A, B₁, C and D. It contains each of these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that only small amounts are needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Anyone taking 'AKTA-VITE' will, if they have been even slightly deficient in any of these vitamins, soon feel the benefit in better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins, 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind—a food tonic.

'AKTA-VITE'—pleasant to take

'AKTA-VITE' is in rich, chocolate-malt granular form. It makes an excellent hot or cold milk drink—the most popular form of taking it—but it can be taken in a number of other enjoyable ways—sprinkled on ice-cream, fruit dishes or breakfast cereals, sweets, junkets, etc., or in bread and butter sandwiches. Some mothers use 'AKTA-VITE' for a sandwich filling, while kiddies relish it on a spoon straight from the jar.

'AKTA-VITE' has a known and guaranteed vitamin potency. This is shown on every label and is your protection.

One important point to be realised about 'AKTA-VITE' is that its pleasant taste should not lead to the belief that it is just another ordinary "milk addition" product. 'AKTA-VITE' is a supplier of large amounts of essential vitamins in a pleasant-to-take form.

'AKTA-VITE' was developed in Australia during the last war in the laboratories of Nicholas Proprietary Limited, Melbourne, the originators of 'ASPRO'. At that time, with Australia playing a vital part in supplying the American forces in the Pacific Area with food and medicines, this Company was called upon to do much research and pioneering work with regard to vitamins. It was as a result of discoveries made and knowledge gained under these conditions of high priority that 'AKTA-VITE' came into being.

EVERYONE IN YOUR FAMILY CAN BENEFIT FROM DELICIOUS 'AKTA-VITE'

 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>A BENEFICIAL NIGHTCAP</p> <p>A good nightcap at all times is a glass of warm milk, but when 'AKTA-VITE' is added a great deal more benefit is obtained. 'AKTA-VITE' is a soothing assistance to nature in providing a sound, restful kind of sleep. Nervy people particularly get excellent results from 'AKTA-VITE' taken at bedtime or just before.</p>	 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR STRENUOUS SPORTS</p> <p>Athletes and all others who make a great call on reserve physical power have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is recommended during training for any strenuous sports.</p>	 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR EARLY GROWTH</p> <p>Periods of rapid growth call for greater than normal amounts of the essential vitamins. For toddlers and children where this applies particularly, 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added—and the extra vitamins are so good for them.</p>	 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR RESTRICTED DIETS</p> <p>Restriction of diet due to medical necessity—obesity, diabetes, gastric troubles, etc.—can cause a lack of important vitamins and in such circumstances 'AKTA-VITE' is very valuable. It makes up the vitamin requirements in the most pleasant, convenient way. If you are not allowed to eat normal foods ask your doctor about 'AKTA-VITE'.</p>	 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR EXPECTANT MOTHERS</p> <p>The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is a pleasant way for her to take these vitamins and because of its guaranteed vitamin content 'AKTA-VITE' is also a sure way. Also 'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breastfeed their babies by improving the milk supply.</p>
 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR STRIVING STUDENTS AND ADOLESCENTS</p> <p>The importance of vitamins during periods of rapid growth is mentioned elsewhere. It should be remembered that in addition to this heavy call on vitamin requirements long hours of study or other concentration may take toll of health if allowed to go on too long. Vitamins in many cases are the answer. In all cases a sure intake of vitamins is, at least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended.</p>	 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR THE HOUSEWIFE</p> <p>The housewife bears a heavy burden, often carrying on beyond her normal capacity. She eventually feels not really sick, but a long way from well. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value. When housework or worry get the upper hand, a little relaxation and a dose of 'AKTA-VITE' are indicated. Many claim that a few teaspoonfuls of 'AKTA-VITE' straight from the jar make a quick restoration of energy.</p>	 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR BUILDING RESISTANCE</p> <p>Medical opinion, particularly in America, is tending towards the belief that a complete and adequate intake of vitamins prior to "low resistance" periods when experience tells colds and other allied infections are easily caught, is of definite value. Vitamin A in this regard is very important because of the large part it plays in the health of the nose and throat tissue, which is often the first point of infection with colds, flu, etc.</p>	 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR "ENERGY BURNERS"</p> <p>There are many people who, either because of their serious, conscientious nature, or by force of circumstances, are continually driving themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, stimulating the appetite which may be dulled through lack of proper exercise, soothing the nerves and aiding the mental condition by promoting sleep, the most effective way of overcoming irritability and nerviness.</p>	 <p>'AKTA-VITE'</p> <p>FOR CONVALESCENTS</p> <p>The further one is from normal health the more the need to build up. The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way because taking the prescribed dose regularly ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B₁, C and D, all of which are needed by convalescents. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more fastidious or "finicky" than usual.</p>

Delicious **'AKTA-VITE'** a power
TRADE MARK for health

Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 3d. a day . . . Sold only by Chemists



FREE SAMPLE
Ask your chemist for a free sample of 'AKTA-VITE'. He will be glad to tell you more about this wonderful food tonic.

A BEARDED Melbourne bachelor, Frank Doherty, of Hawthorn, wrote to us this week after reading the story on beards, which appeared in our issue dated March 13.

He himself has a beard—black with flecks of grey through it—and several women friends have likened him to a startling variety of people.

His list includes: Rasputin, Dr. P. G. Law, Melbourne actor Frank Thring now in London, Franz Hals' "Laughing Cavalier," Dr. Michael Biologuski, Marshal Bulgavin, William Shakespeare, Henry VIII, Lenin, and Sinbad the Sailor!

"Clearly," writes Mr. Doherty, "this is feminine imagination on a hayride."

"Henry VIII's face fungus was as much like mine as Marilyn Monroe's figure is like Elsa Maxwell's. Yet a woman could look at me, half close her eyes, and come up with the startling revelation that I look just like Henry VIII."

"Still another could go through the same act and remain convinced that I am, by now, the double for W. Shakespeare. Her sister would say, equally as adamantly, that I look just like Marshal Bulgavin." Both those beards were, and are, grey.

"Two generations have gone by without women experiencing the fascination (shall we call it?) of coming in contact with a beard."

"The best that women have had since grandfather's time have been a sort of Bairnsfather moustache during World War I, the Valentino-style sideburns and pencil-thin moustache of the 'twenties, and the bristling handlebar moustaches of World War II airmen."

"The biggest surprise women get is that the beard is soft. They seem to expect that it will be stubbly and bristly, like a two days' growth. Once they realise that, the battle to get them to enjoy their first sample of a bearded kiss is half over."

Worth Reporting



AN American doctor has advanced a theory that middle-aged women should study for widowhood.

"It's an unpopular subject," he conceded, "but the plain fact is most women stand a very good chance of becoming widows and they have no training for it."

He suggested classes which would "broaden the approach to life... encourage an interest in anything... cultivate any asset."

They will be seen in the sea

THERE'S important news in the swimsuit world—slide-fasteners have been moved to the front of some of the 1958 costumes.

This is important for women like us, who invariably have trouble trying to undo a back-fastener.

For most people the swimming season is at its end—but not for the manufacturers.

One of Australia's most famous-name brands recently presented a parade of next season's swimsuits.

It was there that we saw the new front-fasteners. Incidentally, they're very cleverly and invisibly put in.

Other news from the parade is the simplicity of the new costumes. There are fewer frills and flounces on the 1958 beachwear.

Boomerangs in Trafalgar Square

WELL-KNOWN Victorian broadcaster Chris Christensen, of South Yarra, returned to Australia recently after 10 months in England, where he conducted a one-man get-to-know-Australia campaign.

Chris claims to be the only man to have thrown boomerangs in Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park.

"I had to have a 'gimmick,'" Mr. Christensen explained. "If I wanted to interest people in Australia, I first had to interest them in an Australian—me."

Mr. Christensen, immaculately dressed, doesn't look like a boomerang-thrower. Nor does he look like a crusader, although that's what he is. He wants to let the world, particularly Britain, know all about Australia.

"I went over with 180 color slides showing all aspects of Australia, and I showed them to many people interested in coming here."

"Films are the best medium, of course," said Mr. Christensen, "either ordinary or TV."

Australian films, according to Mr. Christensen, are popular in London. Just before he left for home he saw "Smiley," in which his sister Margaret Christensen, well-known Sydney actress, played Smiley's mother.

Special desks for pupils

WITH each new pupil at the Yooralla Hospital School for Crippled Children in Melbourne there also appears a new shape of chair or desk.

Each child at the school has a desk and chair specially suited to his or her disability.

"Many ingenious fathers have made the furniture required for their own children, and this saves our funds immensely," said Sister Faulkner, of the Yooralla nursing staff.

On a stroll through the classrooms we saw desks in the shape of semicircles, so that children who had to stand for their work were supported; a roomy pram for a lad who writes with his toes; and chairs fitted with leather braces for weak backs and arms.

An ordinary school curriculum is taught to these children.

Nurses from the nearby Royal Children's Hospital are in attendance, and physiotherapists constantly tend the children, quietly slipping them in and out of their classrooms for treatment.

Yooralla is celebrating its 40th anniversary this year with a garden party on April 6 at its Balwyn Hostel for country children.

★ ★ ★
ONE of our readers, Mr. Allan Ash, of Mount Isa, Qld., had a prompt reply to a letter we published recently in "Letters from our Readers."

He complained of the lack of string in modern households because of the trend in stores to secure parcels with sticky tape.

Shortly after Mr. Ash's letter was published he received a gift parcel containing several pounds of string in short lengths from a complete stranger.

Doggies in the (TV) windows

IN recent months animals, notably dogs, have infiltrated into B.B.C. television programmes not specifically designed for them.

It started when an aristocratic young spaniel, with the imposing name of Champion Golden Days Penn Rose of St. Lucia, was cast for the part of Dora's dog, Gyp, in the B.B.C. television version of "David Copperfield."

Gyp gave a most sympathetic performance, and, as if word of her success had got around, a poodle by the name of Bing made his television debut shortly afterwards, singing a duet with his owner, soprano Doreen Lavender.

Miss Lavender claims that Bing is a coloratura with great strength in his upper range, but sweet in his middle register.

Next to invade the field was a golden cocker spaniel, Fox-hunter of Beclands, who was given a non-speaking but important part in a short story by "Saki," set to music by Malcolm Arnold.

There have been no complaints from artists' unions about unfair competition—yet.

NEWS IN KNITS!

go headfirst into fashion!



Arosa brings the latest overseas fashion trends right to Australia! It's jaunty, practical caps and scarves to mix and match for every casual occasion. So new—so right for '57!



We illustrate just two examples of the exciting new AROSA collection of matching caps and scarves. On the left, 6501—and 6514 on the right. See the full range at your favourite store!

"You're lovelier in Arosa"

arosa

Such clever knitwear!

Write in now for the attractively illustrated 1957 Arosa Fashion Booklet. It's FREE! M. A. & C. J. ANSETT PTY. LTD. 597 Canterbury Road, Surrey Hills, Victoria.

"DOG TALK" No. 16

First prize of £50 in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 16 was won by Mrs. A. McLean, 53 Abingdon St., Woolloongabba, Qld.

MRS. McLEAN'S entry was:

"Upon my soul, Martha! Can't trust you even to boil water!"

£10 prizes to:

Mrs. L. E. Butler, 11 Whelan Crescent, West Hobart.

"Albert, you can't mean you LOST the tickets!"

Mrs. F. Hooper, 2 Riversdale Rd., Hawthorn, Vic.

"I'd much sooner stay home with a good book."

Mrs. S. Torv, Nirvana Park, Gt. Western Highway, Eastern Creek, N.S.W.

"Yorkshire pudding shouldn't look like that, Amy."

£5 prizes to:

Mrs. N. Seymour, c/o Mines Dept., Redbank, Qld.

"But, Mummy, it makes me look so young!"

Mrs. J. Bennett, Flat 4,

"Glenvern Court," 1585 Malvern Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.

"But I don't want to play the piano for the visitors."

Mrs. F. Hanson, 48 Ridge St., Gordon, N.S.W.

"Any of you girls see my bobby-pins?"

£1 prizes to:

H. J. Unger, 88 Longland St., East Brisbane.

"Oh, well, may as well go to bed. He'll never ring now."

Mrs. B. Pearce, Fernree Gully Rd., Wheeler's Hill, Vic.

"Although we're under age, your Honor, we love each other and want to marry."

Mrs. M. Grose, Flat 4, "Phillip," 9 Todman Ave., West Kensington, N.S.W.

"I've FORGOTTEN 'the words!'"

Mrs. M. E. Pepper, Box 40,

RESULTS

Post Office, Geeveston, Huon, Tas.

"Broken three combs so far today."

Mrs. N. Pearce, 8 Olive St., Prospect, S.A.

"You can take it from ME, a model's life is not always glamorous."

Results of "Dog Talk" Contest No. 17 will be announced next week.

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4489.—Gently flared skirt is
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4484.—Versatile
pinafare dress has
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Sizes 32 to 38in. bust.
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4485.—Glamorous,
balloon-sleeved blouse
has demure collar.
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4487.—Princess-style
dress features smart
Empire-line tie. Note
the attractive
sleeve treatment
and the 12-gore
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shape. Sizes 32
to 38in. bust.
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4486.—Pretty evening dress is very feminine with softly
draped neckline and bow-trimmed overskirt. The overskirt
is completely separate. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires
8yds. 36in. nylon material, 7yds. 36in. taffeta, 3½yds. 3in.
velvet ribbon, and 3½yds. ½in. velvet ribbon. Price 4/6.

4488.—Elegant, figure-
hugging sheath has an
interesting, tabbed neck-
line. Sizes 32 to 38in.
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AUTUMN-WINTER DESIGNS



4483.—Two-piece sleeping-pyjamas (in duplicate, above) are designed for winter warmth. The front-buttoned hip-length jacket is finished with long sleeves caught at the wrist to match the pyjama legs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yards 36in. material and 3 yards binding. Price 4/6.



4480.—Current fashion success, the one-piece Empire-line dress. The dress has a front-buttoned bodice fastening and softly gathered skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yards 54in. material. Price 4/-.



4482.—Fashion news in "casuals"—a straight-cut three-quarter length hooded jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yards 36in. material, 3½ yards 36in. lining, and ½ yard cord. Price 4/-.

4481.—Elegant late-day coat (right) is finished at the natural waistline with a self-material belt. The design can be worn with or without the fur collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yards 36in. material. Price 4/6.



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Continuing **LADY BEHAVE**

TRICKY FOODS

... And how to tackle them

● The routine advice on how to contend with foods that are tricky to eat is to wait and see what the other guests do. But this has a special hazard of its own.

If you are on the hostess' right, or the first served, you may find that all the guests are uneasily waiting to get a clue from you.

Here then is our advice on how to tackle foods which are practically impossible to eat elegantly.

Asparagus. Name you meet it under: "Asperges au beurre."

How it comes: A pile of green or yellow-green stalks with a melted-butter sauce.

No doubt "an asparagus eater is an ungraceful sight," as earlier etiquette expert Emily Post said. But as far as we know there is no elegant way to eat asparagus.

The correct way is to pick up the asparagus by the white end, dip the green tip in the sauce which is served with it, and bite off the soft green stalk.

Naturally, if the asparagus is limp, you will find yourself in the time-honoured position of all asparagus eaters—head swung back, mouth open, while a stick of asparagus, dripping butter at one end and water at the other, is lowered gradually into your mouth.

Avocado pear. How it comes: Half in its skin with the stone removed and the hollow filled with a sauce or a separate stuffing.

Scoop out the pale green pear flesh in single spoonfuls, dipping each spoonful in the sauce.

Caviare. How it comes: In a pot, sometimes on ice in a grand restaurant, and the waiter spoons out each helping. Served with lemon and toast and butter.

Squeeze a little lemon juice on the caviare, butter the toast, and heap on the caviare a mouthful at a time.

Cheese. The cheese question is twofold—whether to balance or spread, whether to eat the rind or leave it.

Balance the hard cheese (Cheddar, Cheshire, Gruyere type) on a piece of bread or a biscuit, and spread the soft cheese (Cream cheese, Camembert, Stilton type).

Bite the biscuits, break the bread into small pieces, and eat the rind if you like it.

Corn cobs. Name you usually meet it under: "Corn on the cob."

How it comes: A whole cob of corn sometimes spiked at either end with a skewer to hold it by.

To those girls who wish to remain aloof and mysterious dining partners, we cannot recommend corn on the cob. Four bites on the cob and you are a changed woman, buttery and shiny-checked, with half your lipstick on the cob and



the other half spread around your face.

For those who would rather have the corn than the mystery this is the only way to eat it: Pick it up in your fingers by both ends and bite off the corn from end to end, rolling it with abandon in the butter between times.

Grapes, and stone-fruit pies. These present the pip and stone problem. Most people spit the stones into the spoon and make a pile of them on the side of the plate.

With grape pips the polite thing to do is to blow them into your hand and funnel

the shell if they like it, except on formal occasions.

Pate de foie gras. Name you meet it under: "Pate de foie," "Pate de campagne," "Pate maison."

How it comes: A slice on a plate, served with toast. Spread it on the toast, never thinly all over like fish paste, but a mouthful at a time.

Sole. Name you meet it under: "Sole meuniere."

How it comes: Whole on a dish, with lemon and sauce.

The expert way to eat a sole is to remove the small fringe of bones all round the edge, squeeze on the lemon with your fingers, cut down with your knife to tail, and eat both fillets.

Then remove the spine to the side of the plate, squeeze on more lemon, and the rest is yours.

Soup in a cup. Name you meet it under: "Bouillon" or "Potage."

How it comes: In a special soup cup with a soup spoon.

The puzzle here is why do they give you a spoon when you could just as well drink it out of the cup?

The best compromise is to spoon it until the liquid is cool enough to drink, then drink it until you get to the interesting bits at the bottom, then spoon it again.

Spaghetti. How it comes: Coiled upon coil in a dish, often with a separate dish of grated Parmesan cheese.

There are two accepted ways of tackling this dish. The professional way is to twist a fork round until there is a reasonable mouthful coiled on to the fork and then eat it. This is bound to be somewhat untidy and demands a Continental nonchalance towards the fringe of round ends left dangling round the chin.

The coward's way is to cut up the spaghetti into manageable lengths and then eat it with a knife and fork.

The secret of skilful spaghetti eating is in the grated cheese. Sprinkled liberally over the top, it melts and makes the slippery strands stick together.

NEXT WEEK:
The Married Career Woman.

MATCHMAKERS'

Manoeuvres



It was such a clever campaign
... a light-hearted romance

By ELIZABETH CADELL

SUE was standing at her bedroom window, looking out—but she wasn't looking at the view. And although her eyes were fixed on some fleecy clouds in the blue sky, she wasn't looking at those, either. She was staring into the future, and she saw that the future was blank, and that her life was over and her heart was broken.

She was nineteen, which is an age at which hearts are at their most brittle. But Sue was a sensible and intelligent girl who was not, as a rule, prone to exaggeration.

She was prepared to meet and overcome the ordinary troubles of life—but this wasn't any ordinary trouble, and she had been unable to do anything to meet it. It had crept up on her relentlessly, and now it had overtaken and overwhelmed her.

She heard footsteps outside her room, and drew a deep breath. Everything was over; she was going. Her eyes were still on the blue strip of sky, but she could see, as clearly as if she had turned to look at them, her suitcase, packed and ready; her handbag, with her ticket inside; the sandwiches Abby had given her to eat in the train.

She heard the door open, and knew that Abby had come to help her down with her things. Without glancing round, Sue spoke quietly. "Come and look, Abby," she said.

Abby smoothed her apron, put a wisp of grey hair back into place and joined the girl at the window. She gave a quick glance at the

delicate little face, saw no signs of tears and felt a surge of pride. She was a game one, was Miss Sue. Most girls would have been howling fit to bring the house down—but not this girl. This girl had courage. Abby, who had nursed Sue's father from cradle to grave, knew where the courage came from.

"Look, Abby," said Sue again.

She pointed, and Abby's eyes went slowly over the garden, across the smooth lawn, over the fence to the garden next door. It was empty, but in the garden beyond, almost hidden in trees, Abby caught a glimpse of blue. Blue linen. Cool, fresh, blue linen.

"She's waiting," said Sue quietly.

"Yes," agreed Abby, the truth welling up out of her obstinately, as it always did. However many layers of tact or evasion Abby pressed down upon it, the truth always pushed its way through.

"She came out a little while ago," said Sue, in the same flat, dull voice. "She's got a new dress on, and she's lying in the hammock. She's got a book, but she isn't reading it. She's just waiting there, that's all. She knows that Don will go to the station with me and see me off—but she knows he'll come back and she'll see him in the garden and she'll call him and make him go over and . . . and . . ."

"He's on leave," said Abby, with a feeble attempt at comfort. "He's on leave, and young men on leave need the company of young girls. She's not as nice as you are."

"She's prettier," stated Sue tonelessly.

Abby fought gamely, and lost. "Yes, she's prettier. But—"

"She's prettier, and she's got prettier clothes, and she doesn't have anything to do. She can be with him all day. She'll pretend she likes me, but she'll tell lies about me and then . . ."

"He likes you better than he likes her," said Abby, stoutly. "Why, he hasn't been out of this house since he came home. My goodness, if a girl can't go away for a fortnight and leave a man who's shown he likes her, then she—"

"Not this fortnight," said Sue. "Any other fortnight. This was the worst time to have to go."

"Yes," came out of Abby before she could stop it. "Yes, this was the worst time."

It was the worst time, because something had been growing up between Sue and Don ever since Don came home on leave. He had come home and gone into his garden—a pretty garden, set between two other pretty gardens. He had looked to his left and seen Diane, who had titian hair and velvet brown eyes and a slim, alluring figure.

He had looked to his right and seen Sue, who was a small girl with softly waving brown hair, a small, freckled nose, and soft, laughing grey eyes. He knew both girls well; he had known them all his life, but he had been staggered to see what four years had done to these long-legged, tree-climbing companions of his youth.

He hadn't hesitated long. He cleared the fence to his right, landed in Sue's garden, and they went on where they had left off four years earlier. They went from friendliness to something more. Something was born, something grew and became strong.

Sue's heart sang, and her deep, lifelong mistrust of Diane's mischievous tongue and sultry brown eyes turned to a warm pity. She had always been afraid that Don would prefer Diane—but he didn't—he didn't!

Then, suddenly, Sue's mother had sent for her, and it was a summons that could not be ignored. Sue had come back with a jerk to the cold realities of life. She would have to go away . . . and she would not be back for a fortnight. Don had only three weeks more at home, but she had to leave him now—now, when it had seemed as though he . . .

Sue set her lips. It was better not to think about things. Diane had been waiting, and hoping—and the thing she hoped for had come about.

Sue's mother and stepfather did not live in the big old house with the pretty garden. They lived and worked in the city, and came home every weekend. Abby kept the house going, and Sue looked after her three little stepbrothers and her step-sister.

She had been the only child of her mother's first marriage, but the second marriage had produced Peter, who was now seven; Copper, who was six; Joey, who was five,

"My puppy's ill," gulped Copper, looking up beseechingly at Don while Diane pouted at the interruption.

and the ravishing Camilla, who was four. Sue loved them all, and they all loved Sue.

Life in the big house, with the five of them and Abby, had always been good, and lately had been much more than good. But Sue's mother was expecting another child, and Sue was needed—and at any other time she would have been ready to go. But not now, when she and Don—when Diane lay in the hammock, waiting. Any other girl would have been better—safer—than Diane.

Diane was—mean. She had known that Sue would be sent for. She had known that all she had to do was wait; she had waited, making no attempt to make a third. Don would be like a loose colt—to be rounded up—all in good time.

A tear rolled slowly down Sue's cheek, and Abby looked at it and looked away again. "I wrote to your mother," she said, "and I told her I'd come this time 'stead of you. But she said No, I'd be better here looking after the children."

"Yes," said Sue. "She's right. I've thought of it all ways, Abby, and it's no use. I've got to go."

"Then hustle," said Abby. "You'll miss your train. You haven't said

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"Miss Photography" takes a bath



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



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The TREASURE without a CLUE

By MacKENZIE COTTRELL

THE walls of the room glowed with refracted sunlight and, overhead, the iron roof snapped in the heat. Beyond the little pool of shadow thrown by the porch, the radiant silence of drought that had deepened through the months held the lonely land.

And without Bert, her husband, 20-year-old Letty found the house almost unbearably empty, so that the only comfort was to keep telling herself that he might be on the mail truck that was due in an hour.

The rapture that she might soon be seeing him alternated with the pain of knowing how much he loved the 20,000 acres of arid land that they were going to lose. His present trip to talk with their bankers had been his last desperate effort to save the property. And it would not succeed. Fire followed by drought had beaten them.

Hurriedly putting the baked bread to cool, she went into her bedroom and washed her face in the enamel basin, brushed her beautiful brown hair, then slipped into a clean pink print dress, and combed her hair.

Her powder-box was empty, but she drew the still powdery puff across her tanned skin and scraped a little lipstick from the almost empty lipstick holder with the wooden end of a safety match. The match almost made her weep because Bert had asked her to use safety matches as a protection for the little homestead. Now the homestead, too, would be some other man's.

Going to the door, she looked out over the stretch of Australia that was visible from the two-roomed hut. The river gums, with the grey streaks of old bark on the white satin of the young bark of their boles, were still beautiful, their pointed grey-blue leaves moving against the violent azure of the sky.

When the rains came, the almond creepers would run up their trunks and scent the night with yellow-green blossoms. But Bert would not smell their scent or see the dry waterhole full again or enjoy the honeyed masses of wild candytuft and the wild spider lilies along the creek banks. Now the earth stretched red and hard as baked brick, so hot that it had threatened to blister Bert's feet through the soles of his boots as he worked at the fences. When the earth rolled blue-silver with seeding grasses, he would not be here to enjoy it. He would not see his sheep grazing the creek flats. Someone else would have his fine fences and the stockyards whose mortising he had shown her with pride.

The injustice of it filled her eyes with tears again. But she wished to look pretty for him when he came home, and she turned her thoughts to the absurdly irrational hope that had been filling her mind during her husband's absence: What if the flat red land under the hard blue sky did hold a treasure sufficient for their needs? What if they could scratch the secret from brick-like clay and grey scurf of foliage? Perhaps a horse-thief, dead for fifty years, had left them what they needed—if they could find it!

Far away, she heard the sound of the mail truck like a distant insect in the great fire of sunlight, and then the truck was crawling like a dusty beetle towards the gate as she crossed the yard. Bert jumped down and she saw him speaking to the mailman and getting his shabby suitcase out of the back of the truck.

Then the mail truck was going on and Bert was coming towards her. He wore a faded blue shirt, tan work trousers, and the better of his two wide-brimmed felt hats. The glint of his fair hair showed under the hat brim and his face was red with sunburn. He moved lightly and was smiling too much as he waved. She knew that he had had no luck. She ran to meet him and they held each other tightly in the heat.

He said, "As we expected, 'our great financial institutions who devote themselves to the man on the land,' 'could not see their way' in the case of these two chaps on the land!"

She said, "Of course they couldn't! These two chaps happen to need devoting to!"

He put his arm around her and they went towards the house. She said, "How long before—"

"We have three months before we're packed off—with deep regret," of course." In the house, he dropped into the home-made chair. "Gosh, it's good to be home—even 'with deep regret!'" He grinned. But the grin was stiff and his eyes were feverishly bright and his face flushed with more than sun.

She said, "It's good to have you back. Why a sensible woman should feel this way, I don't know. But the world happens to stop when you aren't here." She knelt beside him and locked her arms round him. "Awfully sorry, fellow!"

He said, "Awfully sorry, girl! It's asking a lot of a woman to come and conquer the wilderness. It's worse to ask her to come and lose the place for the mortgage."

She stood up. "Meanwhile we have a good dinner! A plain turkey, heading for better parts, made the mistake of lighting on the flat yesterday, and I bagged him!"

Bert was very gay at the meal. But his hands were trembling as he ate.

The thought of the next weeks was horrible to her. To do nothing would bring home the fact that it was no longer worth while to work at the property they must lose. To see him work at improvements for other men's use would be more than she could bear.

She hesitated, then said: "Bert, so long as we keep in mind that it may never have been here and we certainly won't find it, let's look for the Horse Thief's Treasure, as it's never been looked for yet!"

He looked up, coming back from a long way off, and grinned. "O.K. Then couldn't be a more cockeyed way for two impoverished settlers to spend their last months on the land." He rose. "I'll get the swags and saddle the horses."

Twenty minutes later they were riding along the waterway towards the glittering horizon—traversing, in opposite direction, the route followed by desperate men 50 years before. For the story was that at the end of the Great Drought, Alan Marks, of Warlina Station, had lain dying and had sent for his brother, Clifford, willing him what the drought had left of the property upon condition that Clifford care for Alan's famous racing stallion The Prince, and that he promise never to sell the horse.

Clifford, a notorious wastrel, waited only to see his brother buried, then headed for Mardon, the property of old Jeff Cummings, and sold the stallion to Cummings for five thousand pounds. The transaction was in cash and Mr. Cummings made a notation of the serial numbers of the notes.

With the money in pocket, Clifford arranged with an Indian hawker for a lift to the railway, some 150 miles distant. As they were leaving, a swagman appeared and also asked to ride in the waggon. Fifty miles out from Mardon evidence later indicated, one of their water casks sprang a leak, leaving them without water for the horses.

Thirty miles farther on, they shot the horses, abandoned the waggon and its store of hardware, stationery, ink,



A dozen times Bert and Letty retraced the route of the dying men, and although they believed in the treasure they could not find it.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

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perfumes, and sealing wax, discarded their swags and guns, and proceeded on foot towards the native wells near what was now the southern boundary of Bert's selection.

An empty canteen was found beside their route. The wells were dry. And the hawker had seated himself beside the deepest of them and cut his throat. The swagman and Clifford went on, reaching the deep holes at the head of the creek, only to find them dry. Two more empty canteens were later found at the foot of a river gum.

The men struggled on along the creek until the swagman went mad, discarded his hat and his clothing, and staggered into the bush to die under a box tree. By some miracle of determination, Clifford Marks travelled on for another 14 miles, to within a mile of the present site of Bert's homestead, dying at the edge of still another dry hole in the creek, the place becoming known as the Horse Thief's Grave.

Six days after Clifford's death, the bodies and the evidences of the tragedy were found by an inspector and a trooper of the mounted police who had been out to look over an area of land available for selection; one irony of the situation being that in the interval between the travellers' deaths and the arrival of the officers rain had fallen, so that both Clifford and the hawker lay dead beside sparkling water.

The officers had turned in the men's small possessions, including a hundred pounds found in the swagman's dis-

carded clothes—and presumed to have been stolen by the swagman from the hawker—and a valuable gold watch of Clifford's.

They stated that, apart from a little silver, there had been no money on Clifford's body and no indication that the body had been disturbed by anything other than the birds. Nor was there any indication that Clifford had thrown away any personal possessions during his last miles. He had seemingly remained sane until he had exhausted his physical strength and his last hope, then simply sat down to die.

Because of the universal respect in which the mounted police were held, no one had ever doubted the story. Additionally, none of the large-denomination banknotes paid for the stallion by old Mr. Cummings had ever come back into circulation; this also corroborating the failure of countless searchers.

For fifty years there had been no duplication of the climatic conditions

April Lady

Instalment two of our delightful
Regency serial

By **GEORGETTE HEYER**

IN the fashionable world of Regency London marriages were more often made for convenience than for love. When NELL, youthful daughter of an impoverished peer, LORD PEVENSEY, makes a brilliant match with the distinguished and wealthy LORD CARDROSS, her mother warns her she must not expect love as well.

Afraid of showing that she has fallen in love with Cardross, Nell throws herself into a gay social round. She is helped in this by Cardross' high-spirited young half-sister, LETTY, who leaves her aunt, MRS. THORNE, to live with them in Grosvenor Square. Soon Nell is in debt, having secretly loaned money to her wild though good-hearted brother, DYSART, VISCOUNT IRVINE.

Cardross learns of her debts, and fearing Nell has inherited her family's love of gambling, which he has been warned of by his elegant cousin, FELIX HETHERSETT, offers to settle her bills.

Unable to explain how she spent her generous allowance, Nell hands him the accounts, but overlooks the largest of all, that of the dressmaker, MADAME LAVALLE. When she realises this, fearful of confessing further extravagance, Nell decides she must try to find the money herself!

In discussing with Cardross his refusal to allow Letty to marry JEREMY ALLANDALE, a junior Foreign Office employee, soon to go to Brazil, Nell realises how fatal her extravagance has been. For Cardross gives a hint that he had hoped for love in his marriage, but is now convinced that Nell married him only for his money. NOW READ ON.

NELL went slowly upstairs, to be pounced on by Letty, bursting with indignation and the desire to unbuckle herself. She listened with half an ear to that impassioned damsel, saying yes and no at suitable moments, but assimilating little from the molten discourse beyond the warning that her sister-in-law would be forced to take desperate measures if Cardross continued on his present tyrannical course.

Before it had dawned on Letty that she had no very attentive auditor to the tale of her wrongs, a message was brought up to the drawing-room that the Misses Thorne had called to take up their cousin on a visit to some exhibition.

Nell found herself alone and at leisure to consider her own problems. These very soon resolved themselves into one problem only: how to pay for a Court dress of Chantilly lace without applying to Cardross.

If Cardross had offered for her hand not as a matter of convenience but for love, this was of vital importance.

Nothing could more surely confirm his suspicion than to be confronted with that bill, and any attempt to tell him that she had fallen in love with him at their first meeting must seem to him a piece of quite contemptible cajolery.

No solution to the difficulty had presented itself to her by the time the butler came to inform her that the barouche had been driven up to the door and awaited her convenience. Nell was tempted to send it away again, and was only prevented from doing so by the recollection that civility obliged her to make a formal call in Upper Berkeley Street to inquire after the progress of an ailing acquaintance.

She directed the coachman, on the way back, to drive her to Bond Street, where she had a few trifling purchases to make, and there, strolling along, with his beaver set at a rakish angle on his golden head and his shapely legs swathed in pantaloons of an aggressive yellow, she saw her brother.

The Viscount had never been known to extricate himself from his various embarrassments, much less anyone else; but to his ador-

ing sister he appeared in the light of a strong ally. She called to the coachman to pull up, and when Dysart crossed the street in response to her signal leaned forward to clasp his hand, saying thankfully, "Oh, Dy, I am so glad to have met you! Will you be so very obliging as to come home with me? There is something I particularly wish to ask you!"

"If you're wanting me to escort you to some horrible squeeze," began the Viscount suspiciously, "I'll be dashed if I—"

"No, no! I promise you it's no such thing!" she interrupted. "I—I need your advice!"

"Well, I don't mind giving you that," said his lordship handsomely. "What's the matter? You in a scrape?"

"Good gracious, no!" said Nell, acutely aware of her footman, who had jumped down from the box and was now holding open the door of the barouche. "Do get in, Dy! I'll tell you presently!"

"Oh, very well!" he said, stepping into the carriage and disposing himself on the seat beside her. "I've nothing else to do, after all." He looked her over critically, and observed with brotherly candor, "What a quiz of a hat!"

"It is an Angouleme bonnet, and the height of fashion!" retorted Nell with spirit. "And as for quizzes—Dy, I never saw you look so odd as you do in those yellow pantaloons!"

"Devilish, aren't they?" agreed his lordship. "Corny made me buy 'em. Said they were all the crack."

"Well, if I were you I wouldn't listen to him!"

"Oh, I don't know! Always up to the knocker is Corny. If you ain't in a scrape, why do you want my advice?"


She gave his arm a warning pinch and began to talk of indifferent subjects in a careless way which (as he informed her upon their arrival in Grosvenor Square) made him wish that he had not chosen to walk down Bond Street that morning.

"Because you can't bamboozle me into believing you ain't in a scrape," he said. "I thought you were looking haggard, but I set it down to that bonnet."

Nell, who had led him upstairs to her frivolous boudoir, cast off her malignant headgear, saying wretchedly, "I am in a dreadful scrape, and if you won't help me, Dy, I can't think what I shall do!"

The Viscount looked slightly dismayed. "Now, don't get into a fuss, Nell! Of course I'll help you! At least, I will if I can, though I'm dashed if I see— However, I daresay it's all a bag of moonshine!"

"It isn't," she said so tragically that he began to feel seriously alarmed. She twisted her fingers together and managed to say, though with considerable difficulty, "Dysart, have—have you



The wilful Letty, wearing her new gown and surrounded by admirers, flirted vivaciously as Nell watched her with growing uneasiness.

still got the—the three hundreds pounds I gave you?"

"Do you want it back?" he demanded.

She nodded, her eyes fixed anxiously on his face.

"Now we are in the basket!" said his lordship.

Her heart sank. "I am so very sorry to be obliged to ask you!"

"My dear girl, I'd give it you this instant if I had it!" he assured her. "What is it? A gaming debt? You been playing deep, Nell?"

"No, no! It is a Court dress of Chantilly lace, and I cannot—cannot!—tell Cardross!"

"What, you don't mean to say he's turned out to be a screw?" exclaimed the Viscount.

"No! He has been crushingly generous to me, only I was so stupid, and it seemed as if I had so much money that— Well, I never took the least heed, Dy, and the end of it was that I got quite shockingly into debt!"

"There's no need to fall into flat despair if that's all!" said the Viscount, relieved. "You've only to tell him how it came about. I daresay he won't be astonished, for he must know you haven't been in the way of handling the blunt. You'll very likely come in for a thundering scold, but he'll settle your debts all right and regular."

She sank into a chair, covering her face with her hands. "He did settle them!"

"Eh?" ejaculated Dysart, startled.

"I had better explain to you," said Nell.

It could not have been said that the explanation, which was both halting and elusive, very much helped Dysart to a complete understanding of the situation, but he did gather from it that the affair was far more serious than he had at first supposed.

He was quite intelligent enough to guess that the whole had not been divulged to him, but, since he had no desire to plunge into deep matrimonial waters, he did not press his sister for further enlightenment. Clearly, her marriage was not running as smoothly as he had supposed; and if that were so he could appreciate her reluctance to disclose the existence of yet another debt to Cardross.

"What am I to do?" Nell asked. "Can you think of a way, Dy?"

"Nothing easier!" responded Dysart in a heartening

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How to win 5 pairs of Fiesta nylons for your mother...

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"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

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tone. "The trouble with you is that you ain't up to snuff yet. The thing to do is to order another dress from this Madame Thing."

"Order another?" gasped Nell.

"That's it!" He nodded.

"But then I should be even deeper in debt!"

"Yes; but it'll stave her off for a while."

"And when she presses me to pay for that I buy yet another! Dy, you must be mad!"

"My dear girl, it's always done!"

"Not by me!" Nell declared. "I should never know a moment's peace! Only think what would happen if Cardross discovered it!"

"There is that, of course," Dysart admitted. He took a turn about the room, frowning over the problem. "The deuce of it is that I'm not in good odor with the cents-per-cent. I'd raise the wind for you in a trice if the sharks didn't know dashed well how our affairs stand."

"Moneylenders?" she asked. "I did think of that, only I don't know how to set about borrowing. Do you know, Dy? Will you tell me?"

The Viscount was not a young man whose conscience was overburdened with scruples, but he did not hesitate to veto this suggestion. "No, I will not!" he said.

"I know one shouldn't borrow from moneylenders, but in such a case as this—and if you went with me, Dy—"

"A pretty fellow I should be!" he interrupted indignantly. "I ain't a saint, but I ain't such a loose-screw that I'd hand my sister over to one of those bloodsuckers!"

"Is it so very bad, I didn't know," she said. "Of course I won't go to a moneylender if you say I must not."

"Well, I do say it. What's more, if you did so, and Cardross discovered it, there would be the devil to pay. You'd a deal better screw up your courage, and tell him the whole now."

She shook her head, flushing. "You know, it queers me to know what you've been doing," said Dysart severely.

"It sounds to me as though you've had a quarrel with him, and set up his back. It ain't my business, but I call it a cork-brained thing to do!"

"I haven't—it isn't that!" she stammered.

"You must have done something!" he insisted. "I thought he doted on you!"

Her eyes lifted quickly to his face. "Did you, Dy? Did you indeed think so?"

"Of course I did. What would anyone think, when he no sooner clapped eyes on you than nothing would do for him but to pop the question? It was one of the on-dits of town. Old Cooling told me no one had ever seen him sent to grass before, no matter who set her cap at him. I thought myself he must be touched in his upper works," said the Viscount candidly. "I don't say you ain't a pretty girl, but what there is in you to make a fellow like Cardross marry into our family I'm dashed if I can see!"

"Oh, Dysart!" breathed Nell, trembling. "You're not—you're not roasting me?"

He stared at her. "Have you got windmills in the head, too?" he demanded. "Why the devil should he have offered for you, if he hadn't been head over ears in love with you? You aren't going to tell me you didn't know you'd given him a leveller!"

"Oh—I Don't say such things! I did think, at first—but mama told me—explained to me—how it was!"

"Well, how was it?" said the Viscount impatiently.

"A—a marriage of convenience," faltered Nell. "He was obliged to marry someone,

and—and he liked me better than the other ladies he was acquainted with, and thought I should suit!"

"If that isn't mama all over!" exclaimed Dysart. "It was a dashed convenient marriage for us, but if he thought it was convenient to be obliged to pay through the nose for you (which I don't mind telling you my father made him do), let alone saddling himself with a set of dirty dishes who have been under the hatches for years, he must be a regular cod's head!"

"Dysart!" she cried, quite horrified.

"Dirty dishes!" he repeated firmly. "I can't remember when my father last had a feather to fly with, and goodness knows I've never had one myself. In fact, it's my belief we should have been turned-up by now if you hadn't happened to hit Cardross' fancy. It's the only stroke of good fortune that ever came in our way!"

"I knew—I knew he had made a handsome settlement!" Dysart gave a crack of laughter. "Ay, and towed my father out of the River Tick into the bargain!"

She sprang up, pressing her hands to her hot cheeks. "Oh, and I have been so wickedly extravagant!"

"No need to fret and fume over that," replied Dysart cheerfully. "They say his fortune knocks Golden Ball's into flinders, and I shouldn't be surprised if it was true."

"As though that should excuse my running into debt. Oh,

Beauty in brief:

HAVE A TRIM WAIST

By CAROLYN EARLE

● It's a wonderful feeling when you step into last season's suit and find that you can zip up the skirt placket without any trouble.

IT means that your tummy is flat and firm at the waistline without the sag that comes from flabby muscles, and that there is no need to start altering the fit of your skirt.

Slack middle muscles, of course, can happen in a hurry, especially if the circulation is lagged from lack of exercise or if the diet happens to be light on important muscle-firming elements.

Here is a good local exercise that will correct a tendency to softness around the waistline:

● Lie on your back on the floor with the arms stretched out at the sides. Bend the knees and pull them towards the chest.

Now straighten both legs up over the hips, and at the same time pull in hard on the stomach muscles. Return the knees to the chest position. Repeat 12 times.

Dy, this quite overpowers me. No wonder he said that!"

He looked uneasily at her. "Said what? If you mean to have a fit of the vapors, Nell, I'm off, and so I warn you!"

"Oh, no. Indeed, I don't. Only it is such an agitating reflection—I didn't tell you, Dy, but he said something to me which made me think he believes I married him for the sake of his fortune!"

"Well, you did, didn't you?"

"No!" she cried hotly.

"Never, never!"

"What, you don't mean to tell me you fell in love with him?" said the Viscount incredulously.

"Of course I did! How could I help but do so?"

"Of all the silly starts!" said his lordship disgustedly. "What the devil should cast you into this distempered freak if that's the way of it? What have you been doing to make Cardross think you don't love him, if you do?"

She turned away her face.

"I—I was trying to be a comfortable wife, Dy! You see, mama warned me about not making demands, or—or hang-

ing upon him, or appearing to notice it, if he should have another interest, and—"

"Oh, so the blame lies at mama's door, does it? I might have known it. Never knew such a henwitted creature in my life!"

"Oh, Dysart, hush! Indeed, she meant it for the best. You will not repeat it, but she was so anxious I shouldn't suffer a mortifying disillusionment, as, I am afraid, she did!"

"Did she, though?" said the Viscount, interested. "I didn't know my father was pitching it rum in those days. I must say I should have thought even mama could have seen that Cardross ain't a bird of that feather. Never been a man of the town from anything I ever heard. How came you to swallow all that humdudgeon, Nell? Dash it, you must have known he was in love with you!"

"I thought—I thought it was all consideration, because he is so very kind and gentleman-like!" she confessed.

"Kind and gentlemanlike?" repeated Dysart, in accents of withering scorn. "Well, upon my soul, Nell, seems to me you're as big a ninnyhammer as mama! To be taken in by one of her Banbury tales, when there was Cardross making a regular cake of himself over you. If that don't beat the Dutch!"

She hung her head, but said in a faint voice: "It was stupid

again, that I didn't care a button for his fortune?"

The Viscount checked the scoffing retort that sprang to his tongue. He did understand. After a thoughtful moment he said, "He'd think it was cream-pot love, would he? Ay, very true, bound to! Particularly," he added, in a voice of censure, "if you've been treating him with a stupid sort of indifference, which I've a strong notion you have! Oh, well, we shall have to think of some way of raising the blun, and that's all there is to it."

Too grateful for his willingness to come to her aid to cavil at his freely worded criticisms, Nell waited hopefully confident that he would be able to tell her how to extricate herself from her difficulty. Nor was she mistaken. After a turn or two about the room, he said suddenly, "Nothing easier. I can't think why I didn't hit upon it at once. You must sell some of your jewellery, of course!"

Her hand went instinctively to her throat. "The pearls mama gave me? Her very own pearls? I could not, Dysart!"

"No need to sell them, if you don't care to. Something else!"

"But I haven't anything else!" she objected. "Nothing of value, I mean."

"Haven't anything else? Why, I never see you but what you're wearing something worth a king's ransom! What about all those sapphires?"

"Dysart! Giles' wedding gift!" she uttered.

"Oh, very well. But he's always giving you some new trinket. You must be able to spare one or two of 'em. He'll never notice. Or if you think he might, you can have 'em copied. I'll attend to that for you."

"No thank you, Dy!" she said, with desperate firmness. "I won't do anything so odiously shabby! To sell the jewels Giles has given me—to have them copied in paste so that he shouldn't know of it. Oh, how detestable I should be to deceive him in such a way!"

"Well, what a high flight!" said Dysart. "It's no worse than going to a cent-per-cent—in fact, it ain't as bad!"

"It seems worse!" she assured him.

"I'll tell you what it is, Nell!" he said, exasperated. "If you let this excessive sensibility of yours rule you, there will be no way of helping you out of this fix! If you don't care to have your trinkets copied, tell Cardross you lost them. I daresay you would not like to lose the sapphires, but you aren't going to tell me your heart would break for every one of the trinkets he's given you!"

"No, indeed it would not, if I really did lose them, but every feeling revolts from the thought of selling them for such a reason!"

She spoke with so much resolution that it seemed useless to persist in argument. The Viscount, never one to waste his time over lost causes, abandoned his promising scheme, merely remarking that of all the troublesome goosecaps he had encountered his sister bore away the palm. She apologised for being so provoking, adding with an attempt at a smile that he must not tease himself any more over the business.

But every now and then the Viscount's conscience, in a manner as disconcerting to himself as to his critics, cast a barrier in the way of his careless bedoniam. It intervened now, just as he was congratulating himself on being well out of a tiresome imbroglio.

"Very pretty talking, when you know dashed well I can't

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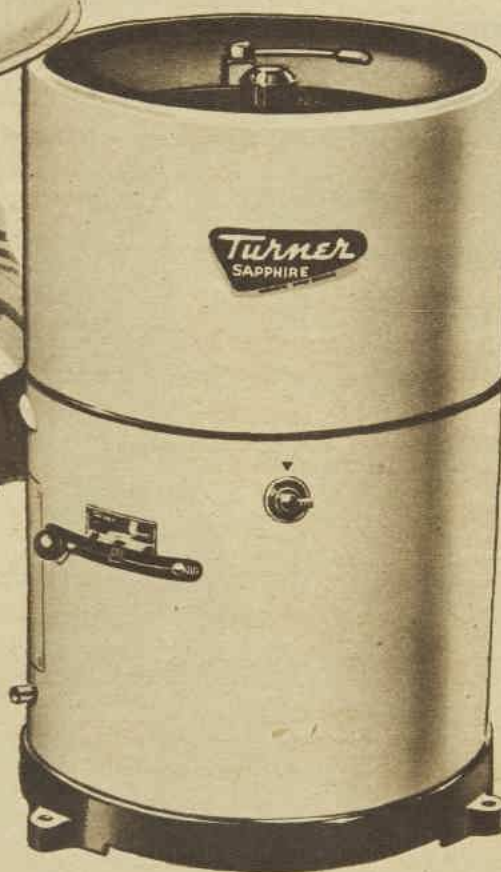
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Her Great Year

A short story complete on this page

By KATHARINE BRUSH

HER great year as a showgirl was 1928, when she was just nineteen. That was a year for you! She often thinks about it nowadays with smiling, forty-year-old wistfulness.

She was Caresse LaClaire then—it was the era of the flowery stage-name—and she was a tall, exotic, orchidaceous beauty, as you had to be.

The show was Gerald Howell's "Indiscretions of 1928"; and Caresse and eleven other lofty super-goddesses strolled in and out of it in twelve changes of costume topped by towering headdresses. Their long white legs dragged massive trains behind them, clear across the stage.

They earned forty dollars more a week than ordinary chorus girls; and they represented birds of paradise and noted beauties, the sultan's favorites, and Henry VIII's wives.

Caresse led almost all the numbers. She was fabulous.

Just working for Gerald Howell made you a celebrated showgirl, anyway—and Howell himself did everything he could to give you glamor.

Backstage in his new theatre there were refrigerators for the orchids of the Gerald Howell Girls, and there were perfumed showerbaths for them—yes, and a vault for locking up their jewellery when they came to work.

That was the year before the Wall Street crash, and everybody had a lot of jewellery.

In fact, there never was a year like that one, all the girls agreed. Every day Christmas. It was a year for getting rich and staying that way, if you just used your head.

Men gave you market tips, together with the money—just a loan, of course—to play them. And sometimes they proposed.

"GERALD HOWELL GIRL WEDS MULTI-MILLIONAIRE." It happened all the time.

It could have happened to Caresse—she had her chances, like the others. But the trouble was she wasn't smart. She had a heart that ruled her head.

She fell in love that winter; and—of all men you could imagine—with a musician in the orchestra that played the show. His name was Walter Skarsen, and he made sixty dollars a week. That was plain crazy, as she knew.

She couldn't help it, though. She loved him, with his shining yellow hair, his somewhat petulantly handsome face.

He didn't look as healthy as he was, and this appealed to her—she could fuss over him and wait on him as if he were an invalid. His blue eyes had a bored stare for the world, and this was gratifying, too.

"Take that," she always thought, to other women.

They were married in the spring, before the show closed, and they took the summer off—Walter electing not to work again, but just to play the market.

He did quite well, too, for a while, building Caresse's savings up into a small fortune (on paper). They lived extravagantly on that paper money till the crash came. Then they were ruined, and that was the end of that.

So they went back to work again; and Caresse didn't mind—not for herself—but Walter minded bitterly and desperately, and even permanently. You would have thought he'd always been a rich man by the way he brooded on his losses, and by his total inability to readjust to being a musician in a band.

He resented every job he got and he was always leaving them—and what made it worse in those depression years was that he wouldn't let Caresse go back in show business. He had grown jealous, and he said, "No more of that."

She still adored him and she understood and pitied him, so she never argued.

Discovering that it wasn't really show business he minded—as long as she did not again become the fabulous Caresse LaClaire, much sought after, much publicised, and so much better paid than he—discovering that fact ultimately, she used her own name, which was Anna Skarsen,

and worked in night-clubs out of town and in burlesque houses, and once in a roaring bistro in Miami, where she sold cigarettes.

That was so she could be near Walter, who was down there with a band. She always went where he went if she could, because he needed her—he drank too much if she was not around, and spent too much.

Walter was drafted during the war years, though he was thirty-six when thus afflicted. He became a sullen musician for the Army at Camp Kilmer.

It was during this interlude that Anna Skarsen, in a burst of patriotic fervor, tried to join an entertainment unit—as Caresse LaClaire, because surely that once-so-glamorous name would help to qualify her. She got Walter's permission first, of course.

"Well, you can try," Walter said dubiously.

And he was right—it didn't work. They wouldn't take her because they needed versatile performers, and her only trick, after all, was walking regally and wearing clothes.

"If you could sing or dance or something—" they kept saying. They never came right out and said, "You're much too old."

The fact was that the only kind of dancing she could do was ballroom dancing—just like anybody else. She worked at this a little and perfected it, and finally put a placard in the window of the first-floor flat in Trenton, where she spent the war years, still to be near Walter. "BALLROOM DANCING TAUGHT," it said. "CHILD PUPILS A SPECIALTY."

And that's what Anna Skarsen is still doing—in the living-room of the apartment, with the rug rolled back.

Walter plays the piano for the classes and for the private lessons. He plays while the ever-cheerful, patient Anna—a trifle heavy now, but still with the walk of a queen—instructs her pupils.

She is considered a good teacher locally—that Mrs. Skarsen. There is even a neighborhood rumor to the effect that she once had some connection with the stage, and specifically with the Gerald Howell revues of glittering Coolidge-era memory.

Just what the tie-up was nobody seems to know. But still the vague rumor persists—and recently it brought an interviewer to her doorstep.

This was a girl reporter for one of the weekly magazines—a young snipet of a girl, who couldn't have been more than a baby or perhaps not even born in the year of Caresse LaClaire's greatest glory.

Anna Skarsen listened blandly while this youthful questioner explained that her magazine was collecting material for an article on the present whereabouts of all the old Gerald Howell girls.

It seemed that the special problem was the lost Caresse LaClaire.

"We've tracked down all the others," the reporter said. "Most of them fairly easily. But nobody seems to know what's happened to the LaClaire girl—she seems to have just dropped out. And, of course, we can't omit her from the series. She was pretty terrific, I guess, in her day."

"Somebody thought you might know," the reporter added, and looked doubtfully at Anna Skarsen. "DO you know? Were you connected with the Gerald Howell shows in any way?"

"A very minor way," Caresse said. "I wasn't anybody. But I do remember Caresse LaClaire—"

Her voice grew suddenly, warmly proud. "Of course I do. Nobody could forget her."

"But you don't know what's become of her?" the interviewer said. "You haven't any idea where she is now—or what her present life is like?"

"No, I haven't," Caresse said. "I think she married and moved away—but I haven't heard anything about her in years." She smiled. "But I'm sure she's very happy," she added softly.

(Copyright)



Walter plays for Anna's dancing classes and Anna sometimes dreams of her past glory as a showgirl.



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Lincoln WEEK



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LINCOLN HILLS, COBURG, VICTORIA. MAKERS OF QUALITY HOSIERY, KNITWEAR, KNITTING WOOLS, MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.

help but tease myself over it!" he said bitterly. "If there's one thing more certain than another, it's that if I hadn't borrowed that three hundred from you, you wouldn't be in this fix now! Well, there's nothing for it. I shall have to get you out of it. I daresay I shall hit on a way when I've had time to think it over, but I shan't do it with you sitting there staring at me as though I was your whole dependence! Puts me out."

"There's no saying, of course, but what I may have a run of luck, in which case the matter's as good as settled. I've got a notion I ought to give up hazard, and try how it will answer if I stick to faro."

He then took his leave, bestowing an encouraging pat on his sister, and recommending her to put the whole business out of her mind. There were those who would have taken the cynical view that he would speedily put it out of his, but Nell was not of their number. It did not so much as cross her mind that her dear Dy, either from indolence or forgetfulness, might leave her to her fate. And she was quite right.

There was an odd streak of continuity in Dysart, which led him, at unexpected moments, to pursue with dogged tenacity the end he had in view; and although his intimates considered that this streak was roused only by the most cork-brained notions, they were agreed that once such a notion had taken firm possession of his mind he could be depended on to stick to it buckle and thong.

Emerging from the house after a genial discussion with his brother-in-law's porter on the chances of several horses in a forthcoming race, he paused at the foot of the steps, considering whether he should summon a hackney, and take a

look-in at Tattersall's, or stroll to Conduit Street, where, at Limmer's, he would be sure to encounter a few choice spirits.

While he hesitated, a tilbury, drawn by a high-stepping bay, swept round the angle of the Square, and he saw that the down-the-road-looking man in the tall hat, and the box-coat of white drab, who was handling the ribbons with such admirable skill, was Cardross. He had no particular desire to meet the Earl, with whom he knew himself to be no favorite, but he waited civilly for the tilbury to draw up beside him.

"Hallo, Dysart!" said the Earl, handing the reins over to his groom, and jumping down from the carriage. "Are you just going in, or just coming out?"

"Just coming out," replied Dysart, watching the tilbury being driven away. "That's a nice bay you have there! Looks to be a sweet goer. Welsh?"

"Yes, I'm pretty well pleased with him," agreed Cardross. "Very free and fast, and has a good knee action. Oh, yes! pure bred Welsh. I bought him from Chesterford last week. Do you care to come in again?"

"No, I'm bound for Limmer's," said the Viscount. He eyed his brother-in-law speculatively. The Earl appeared to be in an amiable frame of mind. It was common knowledge that he was rich enough to be able to buy an abbey, and if there was the least chance of getting three hundred pounds out of him merely for the asking, the Viscount was not the man to let this slip.

"You wouldn't care to lend me three hundred, would you?" he suggested hopefully.

"Three hundred?"

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 36

"Call it five!" offered the Viscount, recollecting certain of his own more pressing obligations.

Cardross laughed. "I'll call it anything you choose, but I shouldn't at all care to lend you money. And I'll thank you, Dysart, not to apply to Nell!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said the Viscount, repressing a strong inclination to tell him

devil's in the bones, and has been, this year past."

The news that he was about to reform his way of life met with a disappointing lack of enthusiasm.

"What other entertainments have you in store for us?" asked Cardross. "I didn't see you driving a wheelbarrow blindfold down Piccadilly last week, but I'm told you contrived to dislocate all the traffic for a considerable space of time. I must congratulate you. Also on your



that the boot was on quite the other leg.

"Dipped again?" inquired Cardross. "You ought to be tied, you know!"

"I see no sense in that," returned Dysart. "Wouldn't do me a bit of good! The only way to come about is to make a big coup. I don't doubt I'll do it, for it stands to reason the luck must change one day! However, I've been thinking seriously of devoting myself to faro, and I believe I'll do it. The

latest feat, of cutting your initials on all the trees in St. James' Park."

"An hour and fifteen minutes!" said Dysart, with simple pride.

"Very creditable." "Oh, lord!" Dysart said petulantly. "What else is there to do but kick up a lark now and then?"

"You might see what can be done to put your estates in order." "They ain't my estates," re-

torted Dysart. "I fancy I see my father letting me meddle! What's more, if there's anything to be done old Moulton will do it far better than I could. He's been our agent for years, and he don't mean to let me meddle either. Not that I want to, for I don't."

"I'll make you an offer," said Cardross, scanning him not unkindly. "I won't lend you three hundred pence to fling away at faro, but I'm prepared to settle your debts, and to buy you a commission in any serving regiment you choose to name."

"By Jove, I wish you would!" Dysart said impulsively.

"I will." The Viscount's blue eyes had kindled, but that eager glow faded, and he laughed, giving his head a rueful shake.

"No use! The old gentleman wouldn't hear of it. I don't know why he's so set on keeping me in England, for putting aside the fact that I'm not his only son it don't seem to be any pleasure to him to have me at home. Fidgets him to death! I did go down to Devonshire after he had that stroke, you know. Went to oblige my mother, but the end of it was she was obliged to own it didn't answer. But he wouldn't let me join for all that."

"If you wanted it, I might be able to persuade him."

"Grease him in the fist, eh? Take my advice, and fund your money! Or wait till I do something so outrageous he'll be glad to see me off to Spain on any terms!" said Dysart, pulling on his gloves.

"Don't be a fool! Come into the house, we can't discuss it in the road!"

"If you're so anxious to waste the ready, lend me a monkey!" mocked Dysart. "As for the rest, I don't know what I want, and it wouldn't be a particle of use if I did!"

He waited for a moment, and then, as Cardross made no reply, laughed rather jeeringly, and strode off down the flag-way.

It was almost with relief that Nell, a few days later, bade her husband a polite farewell. When he had asked her to accompany him to Merion, she had wanted very much to do so (though not with an indignant Letty in her train). But from the moment that Madame Lavalle's bill had arrived to blacken her life she had dreaded that he might renew his persuasions.

It did not occur to her, in her disordered state of mind, that the scruples which forbade her to let him see her heart were prompting her to pursue a course that might have been expressly designed to confirm him in his suspicion that she cared for nothing but wealth, fashion, and frivolity.

"You know, my love," he said to her once, mocking himself. "I think fate must have thrown me in your way to depress my pretensions! Would you believe it?—I was used to think myself the devil of a fellow! I now perceive that I'm no such thing—almost a dead bore, in fact!"

She had not answered him, but the color had flooded her cheeks, and as her eyes flew to his for a brief instant he thought that he caught a glimpse of the loving, vital creature he had once believed her to be. And a moment later she was gone, saying, with a nervous laugh, that he was absurd, that Letty was waiting for her, that she must not stay.

Subjected to such treatment as this, it was hardly surprising that Cardross, far too proud to betray his hurt, retired behind a barrier of cool,

To page 46

GRAND PRIZES in VELVET'S "Easier Living" CONTEST!



1ST PRIZE
HOLDEN SPECIAL
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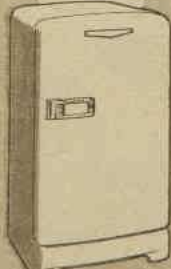


5TH PRIZE
STROMBERG
CARLSON
ROCHESTER
RADIOGRAM



3RD PRIZE
MALLEY'S
AUTOMATIC
WASHING
MACHINE

4TH PRIZE
CROSLLEY & C.I.
SHELVADE
REFRIGERATOR



6TH PRIZE
SINGER ELECTRIC
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7TH PRIZE
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8TH PRIZE
WESTINGHOUSE
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50 PRIZES
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Velvet

Contestants are asked to complete Aunt Jenny's rhyme about good pure Velvet

Aunt Jenny began this rhyme about Velvet, but had a little trouble with her typing and left out a few words here and there. And as for the last line of all—well, she thought that could best be left to contestants.

BIG PRIZES are waiting for contestants who fill in what the judges consider to be the most appropriate words and the best last line of the rhyme.

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

- Contestants are asked to write out the completed rhyme on a sheet of paper, together with their name and address, or fill in the spaces left in Aunt Jenny's typewritten sheet.
- Entries should be addressed to Velvet's "Easier Living" Contest, Box 7061, G.P.O., Sydney, and must arrive no later than 29th April, 1957.
- Contestants may send as many entries as they wish, each to be accompanied by a Velvet wrapper.*
- All prizewinners will be notified by mail and major prizewinners announced on "Right to Happiness" Radio Programme on 21st May.
- Entries will be judged on what are considered the most appropriate words and the best last line of the rhyme—judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- *Wrappers are not required from residents in States which prohibit their enclosure.



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REAL WASHER VALUE

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning April 8

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in quick action.	★ Do your methods of handling money need an overhaul? Only a strictly realistic approach to your personal or family budget can give you the solid foundation you seek.	★ You can be boss if you wish, but you lose in other ways. Members of the household may grow under their breath. It isn't worth while to magnify trivialities.	★ Even if you are not beautiful you owe it to the boy to be glamorous. Justify his mental picture of you by emphasising your good points.	★ If your social world is changing, be adaptable. New customs may or may not be improvements, but once they are accepted by your group it is wiser to conform.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck on a deserted footpath.	★ You will be more efficient on the job if left alone to do it your own way. Conflicting directions, too many bosses may confuse you. Remain calm, be methodical.	★ No sign loves comfort more than you do. You take a real pride in giving the family the best possible within financial limitations, even if it's hard to make ends meet.	★ Are you waiting for the one you love to notice you? You don't want to appear bold or give him the brush-off through shyness. Create a friendly atmosphere.	★ If you are stubborn the journey ahead could grow lonely because other people cannot understand your point of view. Try to be clearer in your explanations.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in sports.	★ The stars are on your side if you are really working. Whether a voluntary worker or in paid employment, you attract the attention of those who distribute chances.	★ You love to meet people and show hospitality, but the effort involved detracts from other activities. To prevent dithering, jot down details and stick to plans.	★ If that friendship has cooled off through over-sentimentality, your sense of humor should save you from one of those dramatic heartbreaks seen in the pictures.	★ If you attempt a dozen projects at once you won't get far with any of them, and you will certainly scatter your energies, but your sign loves variety.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in know-how.	★ It is always tempting to play along with those who have the inside track. You should not rely on people who have many interests, and who soon forget you.	★ The way you run your home is your business. If you are honestly doing your best, criticism should not bother you. Ignore comments from your neighbors.	★ Will he ask you to that grand event? If he dallies, don't turn down other escorts. Competition does no harm, and will make him keener.	★ In any doubtful situation, where there is a difference of opinion, walk softly. Do not lie up with either faction if you have friends in both camps.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a new venture.	★ If recently disappointed, or frustrated in your ambitions, take stock of the factors involved, both in your surroundings and in yourself. Make a better showing.	★ Should you move to another district or otherwise change your living habits, you find variety acts as a tonic. Try going home a different way.	★ An outing could be a milestone in the progress of your love affair. For your friends may tend to pair you off and leave you together. Happiness could result.	★ It may be stop and go all through the week. This will not be your fault, but you won't break speed records. Patience and willingness are your best weapons.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24 - SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a chance meeting.	★ If you drift you'll end up nowhere. If you accept the present unsatisfactory situation as permanent, it will become just that. Persistent plus action works wonders.	★ So you are going flat out for a big investment, a household gadget, or an additional amenity. Don't glaze and grow grim in your effort to economize. Be gay.	★ Secret romantic adventures can be exciting, but are always causes of gossip. Beware of the boy who doesn't want anyone to know he is having dates with you.	★ As a social member of a group you may feel that an enterprise is foolhardy. Say so, withdraw from active support, but do not resign or you'll regret it.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in co-operation.	★ If you mix money and friendship, one or the other is bound to suffer. Emotional bias can cloud the simplest issue. Work with the team, but don't go to extremes.	★ Don't moan over what you would like to have in your home. Put your brains to work and create the next best thing, which may serve happily.	★ If young, you and the one-and-only may perform a thoughtful action for each other. If older you experience renewed zest for living in happy companionship.	★ One particular chapter of your social interests may close. A proposition from a member of an organisation could set you off in a new direction.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a sympathetic approach.	★ Don't lift too heavy a load. Decide what is essential. Skim lightly over the rest. It isn't worth tense nerves to drive yourself in a mistaken sense of duty.	★ Roll up your sleeves and get to work on your problems. Immense help may come unexpectedly from a publication, a demonstration, or friendly advice.	★ A fixed determination to have your own way can chill romance. Love fees before the icy blast of selfishness. Give and take is essential if love is to endure.	★ Your pent-up energy, and your active imagination which pictures situations never likely to arise, may lead up to a new channel which arouses your curiosity.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Sunday, Friday. Luck in love and money.	★ Those who have been busy for months planting goodwill now reap a pleasant harvest of popularity. If you have been bearing down hard on others they may retaliate.	★ An old pastime revived, or a new one which appeals to the family, brings amusement during the next few weeks. Otherwise you help to prepare for a party.	★ Through sheer joy of living you may perform a thoughtful action giving pleasure to others. Your beloved will be proud of you. You will both gain a friend.	★ Join a group now. It's more fun than proving around on your own. You'll become a leader, work pleasantly with the team, and win applause.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in the family circle.	★ Measuring around is wasteful of time, energy, and resources. Decide on the spot what you want and how you intend to get it. Rule out capricious notions.	★ If your home seems cramped now you may discover the means to expand accommodation without spending much money. This could give a quiet corner to someone.	★ If a budding homemaker, and a future chef, advertise your gifts in that direction by asking the boyfriend home. This could make a deep impression.	★ Some of you discover the joys of privacy. React according to your mood. If this runs to turning out boxes and cupboards, it could be profitable.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in an advertisement.	★ You thought that a situation was likely to be really tough. You have exaggerated the whole position. You slide easily through what you have been afraid to face.	★ There could be disappointment over an article which does not function as expected. It would be advisable to inquire carefully before purchase if it is suitable.	★ You may be asked to show a stranger around your town and introduce him to your crowd. Don't grumble at this duty, for you will find him attractive.	★ An announcement may change your plans. You cancel at least one arrangement. You may become responsible for an important fixture and invite friends to help.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a business arrangement.	★ If money has been your chief worry lately, this week you should see your way clear to solid ground, but that doesn't mean you can afford to go haywire.	★ Don't plunge into a money-spinning scheme which you believe could be carried on at home. If you have special training you might develop a sideline from it.	★ Perhaps you have been slightly acquainted with each other for a long time and remained indifferent. All at once you start dating. Romance surprises you.	★ Co-operation is the key to success. Keep a sharp eye on finances or the cost of a social undertaking could exceed profits and cause endless recriminations.

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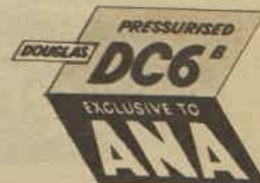


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AG829

from page 43

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faintly ironic civility, which effectually slew at birth Nell's impulse to fling caution to the winds, and all her doubts and difficulties at his feet.

It was therefore with relief that she bade Cardross farewell. He expected to be away for a se'night, within which time she thought it not unreasonable to suppose that Dysart must have discovered a means of discharging her debt to Madame Laval.

By way of recalling it to his mind (just in case, in the press of his sporting engagements, he had temporarily forgotten its urgency) she sent round a note to his lodging in Duke Street, inviting him to dine in Grosvenor Square on the night of the masquerade.

The Viscount not only sent back a note accepting her invitation, but added in a postscript that she need not trouble her head more over That Other Matter.

This cryptic message sent her spirits up immediately. It would have been more satisfactory, perhaps, if Dysart had told her what expedient he had hit upon, but she knew him to be no ready letter-writer.

Except for one encounter in the Park, where it was impossible to hold private conversation with him, she did not meet him, a circumstance which led her to suppose that whatever plan he had evolved needed a good deal of preparation. This made her feel a trifle uneasy, but he nodded to her so reassuringly at the end of their one chance meeting that her misgivings were soothed.

"I shall see you on Thursday," he said, and that, she thought, was his way of informing her that on Thursday, when he was to go with her to the masquerade, he would be able to tell her just what she must do to rid herself of her intolerable debt.

And then, on Thursday evening, when both the fair hostesses awaited his arrival in Grosvenor Square, he did not come.

Letty, who had been in low spirits for days past, was wearing a new and extremely dashing ball-dress profusely embroidered with silver spangles.

Nell, less strikingly attired, knew that if Lady Chudleigh should be at the masquerade she would unhesitatingly condemn Letty's toilet as being totally unsuited to a young lady in her first season, being worn over the most diaphanous of petticoats. Cardross would probably have insisted on its being changed for something more demure.

"The worst of brothers is that they never think it is of the least consequence to keep one waiting," remarked Letty, spreading open a fan spangled to match her gown. "I only hope he may not be foxed when he does arrive! Look, do you think this is pretty?"

"Foxed! Why should he be?" demanded Nell rather indignantly.

"Oh! You know what men are, when they go off to watch a cock-fight!" said the worldly-wise Letty. "There was one at Epsom today, I fancy."

"Really, did he tell you he meant to go there?"

"No, but I heard Hardwick talking to Mr. Bottisham about it, and he said something about Dysart taking him up in his curricle."

"Oh, dear!" said Nell, considerably dismayed by this most unwelcome intelligence. "If that is so—Oh, I do hope he may not have forgotten he is to take us to Chiswick tonight!"

"What, you don't mean to say that you think he might?" exclaimed Letty, allowing her

fan to drop into her lap. "Oh, it would be too infamous!"

Certain sinister memories flitted through Nell's mind. "Well, I trust he has not, but he—he does sometimes forget his engagements—particularly when he doesn't like them excessively!"

Letty said bitterly, "Even if he is your brother, Nell, I don't believe he ever meant to go with us, and he just said he would so that you shouldn't tease him!"

"No, no, he did mean to, for he said he would see me tonight when we met him in the Park that day! Besides, although I own he is shockingly careless, he wouldn't serve me such an unhandsome trick as that! I was wondering if I should perhaps send a note round to his lodging, to remind him. Only I daresay it would take my footman at least twenty minutes to reach Duke Street—"

"Yes, and ten to one he wouldn't find him at home when he did reach his lodging!" interrupted Letty. "For my part, I don't care a button whether he comes or not, for I am persuaded we shall do

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.
—Charles Lamb

very well without him!" She looked at Nell with sharp suspicion. "You are not going to the masquerade unless he escorts us? Oh, Nell, you couldn't be so shabby!"

"No—that is, I know I need not scruple to go, when it is to my cousin's party, but I cannot like it! I wish you were not so set on it—and, to own the truth, I can't think why you should be, unless you have cajoled Mr. Allandale to go, and mean to spend the evening in his pocket! And mask or no mask, Letty, I can't and I won't permit it!"

"I did try to make him go," admitted Letty, quite unabashed, "but he holds to it that it would be improper, even if he slipped away before the unmasking, so you needn't be in a fidget! The thing is that I have never attended a masquerade, and if I don't go to this one I may not have the chance to go to one for years, for there's no saying that they have them in Brazil, after all."

Nell looked at her in concern. "No, but—Dearest Letty, don't indulge your fancy with that thought! Cardross won't give his consent. It is useless to think he might!"

"I shall compel him!" Letty said, looking mulish.

"How could you possibly do that?"

"Well, I don't know that yet, but you may depend upon it that I shall do it! Recollect that he said I shouldn't be presented till I was eighteen, or act in the theatricals at Roxwell at Christmas, or drive his bays, or—oh, a hundred things! I can always get Giles to let me have my own way, in the end!"

Nell could not help smiling at the naivete with which Letty classed these trivialities about her marriage, but before she could make any attempt to show her sister-in-law how the very fondness which led Cardross to indulge her in small matters would stiffen his resolve not to permit her (as he thought) to throw herself away in a marriage doomed to failure, Farley, her butler, had entered the room, bearing on a salver a sealed billet, and on

his countenance the expression of one who not only brought evil tidings but had foreseen from the outset that this was precisely how it would be.

"My Lord Dysart's groom, my lady, has desired me to give this instantly into your ladyship's hands," he announced, proffering the salver.

"Only wait until I next see Dysart!" uttered Letty drowsily.

Feeling as conscience-stricken as though she and not Dysart had been the culprit, Nell broke the wafer that sealed his note and hastily unfolded the scrawled message. A sigh of relief escaped her, for, although the news the message contained was bad, it was not as bad as might have been.

Dysart must certainly have lingered overlong at Epsom, but he had not forgotten that he was engaged to escort his sister to a masquerade. He begged her pardon for being unable to dine with her, but promised faithfully to pick her and Letty up in Grosvenor Square not a moment later than ten o'clock, unless (in a postscript) he should be unavoidably detained, in which case they were to set forward for Chiswick, and might be sure that he would meet them there, his mask in his hand.

The dominoes, one rose-pink and the other sapphire-blue, were assumed; long gloves of French kid drawn on, loom-masks tucked into reticules, and evening mantles carefully donned over the silken dominoes. A final prinking on tiptoe before the gilded looking-glass over the mantelpiece and the ladies were ready to be escorted down the staircase and handed up into the waiting carriage.

Their respective women were in attendance, jealously arranging their delicate skirts and laying shawls across their knees. Letty's Martha presuming on long service to warn her young mistress against adding any more Bloom of Ninon to an already perfect complexion; and Nell's lofty dresser reminding her to take care that her train of ivory satin did not brush the steps of the landau when she alighted from it.

Those steps were at last let up and the door shut. The footmen nimbly mounted up behind, the coachman set his horses in motion, and the landau swayed forward over the cobbles.

It had not occurred to Nell or, indeed, to any of her servants that a drive to Chiswick could be attended by danger, so no one had thought it necessary to provide the equipage with outriders to protect her from possible highwaymen. But no one had foreseen that the Cardross carriage, instead of joining a procession of vehicles bound for Brent House, would be the last to arrive there by more than half an hour.

There was hardly any traffic beyond the first pike off the stones. Kensington village seemed to be sleeping in the bright moonlight; only a post-chaise and an accommodation coach were met in Hammer-smith, coming in from the west. No other vehicle was seen except one of the mails, which swept past the Cardross carriage, its four fresh horses going along at a spanking pace and its guard blowing a very loud blast of warning on his yard of tin.

Shortly after this the carriage turned off the highroad towards Chiswick Mall; and then, just as Letty was saying, "Well, at all events it hasn't been nearly as tedious a drive as if we had been obliged to dawdle behind some rumbling

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 10, 1957

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coach!" both ladies were unpleasantly startled by a sudden pistol-shot, followed by a medley of alarming noises, in which the squeal of a frightened horse mingled with various rough voices upraised either in command or expostulation, and the tramping of hoofs.

Letty uttered a whimper of fright and clutched her sister-in-law, saying on a rising note of panic, "What must we do? What will happen to us? Oh, Nell, we are being held up! Why don't those cowards of footmen do something? This is all Dysart's fault! Will they murder us? Oh, I wish we hadn't come!"

Nell was not feeling very brave herself, but she was made of sterner stuff than this and managed to reply with very creditable command over her voice, "Nonsense! Of course they will not murder us, though I am afraid they will take our jewels. I am only thankful I am not wearing the Cardross necklace, or my precious sapphires!"

"Give them everything!" begged Letty, her teeth chattering. "I feel sick with apprehension, and I am sure I shall faint! What is the use of taking footmen when they do nothing to protect us? I shall tell Giles, and he will turn them off directly! He ought to be here; he had no right to go off to Merion, when the night had known—"

"Oh, do, pray, hold your tongue, Letty!" interrupted Nell, exasperated. "I wonder you should not have more pride than to let the wretches see you are afraid! And, as for the footmen, what could the poor men do against armed ruffians? They are not carrying pistols! I don't suppose they ever dreamed we should be held up on the road to Chiswick, of all places! Oh, dear, it sounds as if there were several

of them! I do hope they will be satisfied with our jewels and not wish to ransack the carriage for a strong-box!"

This horrid thought made Letty shake with terror. Then she screamed, for a hideous figure, enveloped in a dark cloak and with a mask covering his face, loomed up and wrenched open the door of the carriage, presenting the barrel of a large horse-pistol and growling in ferocious accents: "Hand over the gewgaws, and be quick about it!"

The moonlight glinted on the pistol and the hand that held it. Letty cried, "Don't! Don't!" and tried with feverish haste to unclasp the single row of pearls from round her throat.

"Not you!" said the highwayman, even more ferociously. "You!"

The pistol was now pointing straight at Nell, but, instead of shrinking away or making haste (as Letty quaveringly implored her to do) to strip off her bracelets and rings and the large pendant that flashed on her breast, she was sitting bolt upright, her incredulous gaze fixed at first on the hand that grasped the pistol and then lifting to the masked face.

"Quick!" commanded the highwayman harshly. "If you don't want me to put a bullet through you!"

"Dysart!" "The devil confound it!" ejaculated his lordship, adding, however, in a hasty attempt to cover this lapse, "None o' that! Hand over the gewgaws!"

"Take that pistol away!" ordered Nell. "How dare you try to frighten me like this? Of all the outrageous things to do—! It is a great deal

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 46

too bad of you! What in the world possessed you?"

"Well, if you can't tell that you must be a bigger sapskull than I knew!" said his lordship disgustedly. He pulled off his mask and called over his shoulder, "Bubbled, Corny!"

"There, what did I tell you?" said Mr. Fancot, putting up the weapon with which he had been covering the coachmen



"I don't have anything against you in particular, Harold . . . I despise ALL boys your age."

and riding up to bow politely to the occupants of the carriage. "You ought to have let me do the trick, dear boy. I said her ladyship would recognise you!"

"Well, I don't know how the devil she should!" said the Viscount, considerably put-out.

"Oh, Dy, how absurd you are!" Nell exclaimed, trying not to laugh. "The moonlight was shining on the ring Mama gave you when you came of age! And then you said, 'Not you!'

to Letty. Of course I recognised you!"

"Then you might have had the wit to pretend you didn't!" said the Viscount, with asperity. "Totty-headed, that's what you are, my girl! Hi, Joe! No need to keep those fellows covered any longer! I've lost the bet."

"Dysart, how abominable of you!" Nell said indignantly. "To bring your groom into this is utterly beyond the line!"

"Fiddle!" said the Viscount. "You might as well say it was beyond the line to bring Corny in! I've known Joe all my life! Besides, I told him it was for a wager."

"I do say it was beyond the line to bring Mr. Fancot in. And I should have supposed he would have thought so too!" added Nell, with some severity.

"No, no! Assure you, ma'am! Always happy to be of service," said Mr. Fancot gallantly. "Pleasure!"

Letty, to whom relief had brought its inevitable sequel, said in a furious undertone, "Idiot!"

"Nothing of the sort!" said the Viscount, overhearing. "In fact, if we're to talk of idiots—"

"I think you are detestable! You broke your engagement with Nell in the rudest way, just that you might play this odious trick on her, and frightened us to death for sport! Sport!"

"What a hen-hearted girl you are!" remarked his lordship scornfully. "Frightened you to death, indeed! Lord, Nell's worth a dozen of you! Not but what she's got more hair than wit! Of course, I didn't do it for sport! I had a devilish good reason, but one might as well try to milk a pigeon as

set about helping a female out of a fix!"

Letty was so much intrigued by this cryptic utterance that her wrath gave place to the liveliest curiosity.

"What can you mean? Who is in a fix? Is it Nell? But how— Oh, do tell me! I'm sorry I was cross, but how could I guess it was a plot when no one told me?"

"Ask Nell!" recommended Dysart. "You'd best be on your way if you don't wish to be late. I'll follow you presently."

"Dysart!" said Nell despairingly. "It must be nearly eleven o'clock already! How can you possibly follow us? You cannot attend a masquerade in your riding-dress, and by the time you have returned to town, and—"

"Now, don't fly into a fit!" begged Dysart. "I'm not going all the way back to London! You must think I'm a gudgeon!"

"Oh, I do!" she interpolated, on a quiver of laughter.

"Well, that's where you're fair and far off," he told her severely. "I've got all my togethery waiting for me at the Golden Lion here, and a chaise hired to bring me on to Brent House. Yes, and when I think that I never planned anything so carefully in my life, only to have it upset because nothing would do for you but to show how clever you are by screeching that you knew me, I have a dashed good mind to wash my hands of the whole business!"

"Dear boy, mustn't say things like that!" intervened Mr. Fancot, considerably shocked. "I know you don't mean it, but if anyone else heard you—"

"Well, there isn't anyone else to hear me," said the Viscount snappishly, walking away to where his groom was holding his horse.

Mr. Fancot, feeling that it behoved him to make his excuses for him, pressed up to the carriage and bowed again to its dimly seen occupants, saying confidentially, "He don't mean what he says when he gets in a miff—no need to tell you so! I know Dy, you know Dy! He won't buckle!"

"Mr. Fancot," said Nell, almost overcome by mortification, "I am persuaded I have no need to beg you not to tell anyone why Dysart tried to hold me up tonight!"

"I shouldn't dream of it!" Mr. Fancot assured her earnestly. "Wild horses couldn't drag it out of me! Well, it stands to reason they couldn't, because, now I come to think of it, I don't know."

"You don't know?" she repeated incredulously.

"Forgot to ask him," he explained. "Well, I mean to say—no business of mine! Dy said, 'Come and help me to hold up m'sister's carriage!' and I said, 'Done!' or some such thing. Nothing else I could say. Dashed inquisitive to be asking him why, you know!"

At this moment Dysart called impatiently to him, so he made his bow and went off. Nell sank back into her corner of the carriage, exclaiming, "Thank goodness! I was ready to sink!" She became aware of her footman awaiting orders, and said hastily, "Tell James to drive on, if you please! His lordship was—was just funning!"

"I should think he must believe his lordship to be out of his mind," observed Letty, as the carriage moved forward. "Why did he do it, Nell?"

"Oh, for a nonsensical reason!"

"Very likely! But what nonsensical reason?"

"I wish you will take a leaf out of that absurd Fancot's

To page 55

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Film Fan-Fare

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Huge bridge built in Ceylon for war movie

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● The biggest single movie set ever to be constructed has now been finished, not in Hollywood nor in Pinewood—but in Ceylon, just out of Colombo. It is a bridge made entirely of logs, and the movie-makers are toiling around it like ants.

THIS wooden span is the star of a new war saga, "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." To build it 48 elephants and several hundred coolies worked for eight months in the heart of the Ceylon jungles. Over 1500 trees had to be felled for it.

A special road, railways, and a trestle bridge had to be constructed to carry the 2000 extras and technicians to its location site.

It is a third larger than Westminster Bridge and as high as a six-story building; and, Columbia proudly claims, it is bigger than the famous Gates of Tanis which Cecil B. deMille built in Egypt for "The Ten Commandments."

All the paraphernalia of a modern big-time film has converged on this jungle spot.

With it have come the stars—William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins—and a mixed supporting cast of British, Japanese, Siamese, and Cingalese. In the director's chair is the British ace David Lean, whose last film was "Summer Madness."

But the oddest fact to emerge from all this is that a film company has travelled halfway round the world with all its gear, arrived finally at its remote, jungle-covered location, and settled down to make a film—which is in fact

set elsewhere. That is to say, they have gone to Ceylon to make a film which is really about Siam.

For the story centres upon the notorious Burma-Siam railway which was built at the cost of thousands of Allied prisoners' lives during the war. The pivot of the story is the celebrated bridge which the Japanese commanded their British captives to build across the River Kwai.

Why didn't the film-makers set down their bags in the Siamese jungle itself? After all, it's only across the Bay of Bengal.

Says producer Sam Spiegel, "Ceylon is a tropical island with the maximum assets and the minimum liabilities. It not only possesses the ideal tropical scenery for this sort of picture but has the best climate, working and health conditions."

"In fact, we have found a countryside that is more Siamese in character than the original."

Despite the superiority of Ceylon, to whose attractions must now be added the claim that it looks more like Siam than Siam, the toilers on this film have had a terribly rugged safari into the jungle. Among other feats, they have carried their camera gear up a mountain through almost impenetrable thicket to shoot



STAR WILLIAM HOLDEN looks a bit smug reclining on the broad back of a work elephant during filming in Ceylon. Shortly afterwards the animal dumped him off.

panoramic views of the construction over the gorge below.

They have braved monsoonal rains, leeches, mosquitoes, and tropical diseases. The locals are mystified by them.

William Holden has a formidable share in "The Bridge Over the River Kwai," and I do not mean only the prime share of the acting honors.

To lure him from Hollywood to film amid this gorgeous tropical scenery, the bait was a handsome cash guarantee plus ten

per cent. of the film's gross profits. For, with producers everywhere clamoring for his services, Holden is now in the position where he can choose his own roles and scripts, command half-million-dollar fees, and dabble in his own productions.

Holden plays a prisoner who escapes from a Jap labor camp on the notorious "death railway" and returns as a commando to blow up the great bridge. He is rated not only as Hollywood's top money-maker today but also as one of the shrewdest businessmen.

The amiable and highly masculine William Holden makes a science of stardom. He has his secretary sort his fan-mail according to sex, age, and apparent education, and examines each picture sent to see if he has tapped new supporters. I have just posted him a couple of chimpanzee pictures in the fond hope that this will start him worrying.

When he was elected America's No. 1 Box Office Star recently, Bill Holden received a cablegram on location. It was from John Wayne, who previously held the title. It said, "You sneak!"

On the location site Holden and David Lean present an entrancing picture lounging about in leaf hats made from elephant's ear plant. They pin the outer edges together and wear these Robin-Hood style, with the stem sticking in the air like a feather. But the least recognisable star is Alec Guinness, who sports a large beard and is without his customary toupee.

For the folks back in Hollywood Holden decided to engineer some gag postcards. He had himself photographed being lifted on the trunk of one of the unit's elephants. Unhappily the elephant, accustomed to the feather-weight of his mahout, dropped him from twelve feet up.

Then Bill hired a cobra and was pictured squat-

Blown sky-high

ting and piping to it with a flute. Of course, the cobra had had its fangs clipped. It lunged and struck the ground an inch from his bare feet. One of the Cingalese came bustling up and wrenched America's No. 1 Box Office Star away, screeching and gesticulating at the others crowding interestedly about.

"What's he saying?" "Its fangs have grown again. You were nearly a goner!" Mr. Holden gave a



OVERTURES of friendship by the bearded Holden to a cobra that he hired demand his full attention. Later the actor was shocked to discover that its fangs had grown again.

ghastly grin. They had failed to tell him the cobra's fangs had been clipped more than a month ago.

At 39, William Holden has just reached the peak of his popularity on the world's screens. He takes no lofty view of the art of the actor. "My work," he says, "is just like any other commodity for sale—and I'm glad business is good." I know some Shakespearian actors who would faint at such mercenary talk.

The unit had been shooting in thick jungle for six weeks before Holden arrived in Ceylon. On his first day he climbed into his tattered prisoner's rig and sailed straight into his first scene, with the Englishman David Lean watching like a hawk.

At the end of it Lean relaxed. "Cut! Print that one!" He turned to Holden, who came off mopping his brow. "Seems like you've been with us all along!"

Behind it all, of course, is a

story of intense preparation for his part, of reading and studying and pacing the floor and trying out lines and burning midnight oil in his Hollywood home long before he ever took the plane for Ceylon and the location of "The Bridge Over the River Kwai." But standing almost as proudly at the head of the star cast as Holden—is the bridge itself. It cost Columbia £100,000 to build. In the story it becomes a challenge to an old-school British colonel, to show what he can do in the way of bridge-building.

And at the moment of its completion and its official opening, after that costly toil, it is blown up.

The whole thing looms large even on producer Spiegel's million-sterling budget. So that when Director Lean recently sent a message back to base requesting a supply of boats for the location unit, he got an indignant message back from the boss.

It said: "USE THE BRIDGE!"



THE BRIDGE over the River Kwai built as a movie set deep in the heart of the Ceylon jungles.

"The King and Four Queens"

Film Fan-Fare

● A tough outdoor role with a bit of comedy to it is what Hollywood star Clark Gable likes best on the screen. And that is precisely what he has in his new film, "The King and Four Queens" (United Artists).

PHOTOGRAPHED in De Luxe Color, "The King and Four Queens" is a tongue-in-cheek Western with a saucy plot and the edged dialogue that Gable always handles so well.

The dimpled, grey-haired Gable, known as "The King" in Hollywood after his 27 years of stardom, plays Dan Kehoe, a fortune-hunting reprobate who wanders into a Utah ghost-town and stirs things up with a vengeance.

Kehoe's plan is to find a fortune in gold stolen and hidden on an isolated homestead by four bandit brothers, three of whom are known to be dead. Nobody knows the fate of the fourth brother, or even which one is living.

Trying to find the 100,000 dollars jackpot keeps Kehoe

as busy as a bird-dog.

But as things turn out there is one small hitch in his scheme. The adventurer has to reckon with the four attractive, trigger-happy ex-wives of the hold-up men.

The girls all live together on the farm where the gold is hidden, protected by their swaggering, gun-toting mama. Each is out for all that she can get.

They are played by Eleanor Parker, Barbara Nichols, Sara Shane, and Jean Willes, the four contrasting queens of the film title pictured on these pages.

Character actress Jo Van Fleet is their mother.

The plot turns into a tissue of romantic duplicity before it is finally decided who gets the gold—and Gable.



RIGHT: Blond Sara Shane plays Oralie in "The King and Four Queens." Sara, who got off to a poor start in films at the first attempt, hasn't a great deal of film work behind her. She is now regarded as a potential star.

CLARK GABLE as Dan Kehoe, a charming scoundrel of the old West with a record as long as your arm and a line of smooth talk for a pretty girl.

JEAN WILLES, sultry television actress and comparative newcomer to films, is another candidate for movie stardom. In the new Western she plays the role of Ruby, a man-trap brunette, who seeks to capture Gable.



BARBARA NICHOLS, blond and shapely former cover-girl and a much-admired chorine in her day, is the fourth Western beauty of the picture. Her role is that of Birdie McDade.



ELEANOR PARKER (left), one of Hollywood's prettiest women and a talented actress, is Sabina, the sharp-witted and scheming sister of the quartet. All the girls loathe one another.

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1 AWARE of a great talent, concert manager Charles Winthrop (Vincent Price), at back, and Kendall Hale (Joan Fontaine), a society woman who likes to sponsor new talent, put Damon (Mario Lanza), left, on the road to success.



2 ENSLAVED by his love for Kendall, Damon, now a star immersed in study, is shattered when the woman turns to a newer interest. He is a young, handsome sculptor. Damon goes berserk, ruins his career, and falls ill alone in Mexico.



3 AN INVOLUNTARY PATIENT at the hacienda of Juana Montes (Sarita Montiel), the fiery daughter of a famed Mexican bull-fighter, Damon, through the girl's compassion, finds the will to live and try for a comeback.

SERENADE



★ In "Serenade" (Warners'), tenor Mario Lanza makes a comeback to the screen after a considerable absence. Filmed mostly in Mexico, "Serenade" is a colorful drama about an operatic tenor of humble origin who, through a love affair with a fickle woman (Joan Fontaine), becomes a derelict.

He is saved by the true love of Sarita Montiel.

In the film Lanza sings 16 songs ranging from opera to ballads.



5 IN NEW YORK, where he re-joins Charles Winthrop, Damon's voice carries him to new fame. Kendall warns Juana that she intends to get Damon back.

4 THE COUPLE, attracted from the start, find true love at last. After their wedding they leave Mexico and Damon pursues his career.



6 AT A PARTY the jealous Juana creates a stir by dancing a bullfight dance and threatening Kendall with the sword. Brought to her senses by a cry from Damon, Juana rushes out of the house and under a bus. It is a crisis for Damon.



7 ON STAGE Damon, who has waited anxiously for some word of his wife and has been asked by her to go on with the show, gives the performance of his life as his voice rings out in a new spirit of love and hope for their future.

book and not ask inquisitive questions!"

"I daresay you do, but I shan't! Come, now, you sly thing!"

"No, pray don't tease me!" Nell begged.

"Oh, very well! I wonder what Giles will say to it?" said Letty, all sprightly innocence.

"Letty! You wouldn't—!"

"Not if I were in your confidence, of course!" replied Letty proudly.

"Really, you are the most unscrupulous girl!" declared Nell.

Letty giggled. "No, I am not, for I never betray secrets! I shan't rest till I know this one, I warn you, for I cannot conceive what was in Dysart's head, unless he was just knocking up a lark, and that I know he was not."

"Well, pray don't think too badly of him!" Nell said, capitulating.

But Letty, listening entranced to Nell's story, did not think at all badly of Dysart. She said handsomely that he had far more wit than she had ever guessed, and was much inclined to join him in blaming Nell for not having held her peace.

"For if only you had pretended not to recognise him, everything would now be in a fair way to being settled," she said. "And you can't deny that if you had truly not known him you wouldn't have cared a button for your jewels. I suppose you might have guessed how it was when he brought you the money, but that wouldn't have signified!"

"How can you say so? My peace would have been utterly cut up! I must have told Cardross—yet how might I have done so, when already he thinks Dy too—too rascally? Oh, it would have been worse than anything!"

"I declare you are the oddest creature!" Letty exclaimed. "For my part, I think you should have sold some of your jewels, and I don't wonder at it that Dysart is out of all patience with you! I suppose you may do what you choose with what is your own!"

She continued arguing in this

strain until Brent House was reached; and when Dysart presently joined his sister, in something very like a fit of the sullen, did much to restore him to good-humor by heartily applauding his ingenuity, commiserating him on the mischance which had brought his scheme to nothing, and abusing Nell for having such stupid crotchets.

For once they found themselves much in sympathy, but when the Viscount said that if Nell made such a piece of work over a little necessary deception she had better screw up her courage and tell Cardross she was under the hatches again, agreement was at an end between them.

Letty strongly opposed this suggestion. In her experience, Cardross, in general so indulgent, was abominably severe if he considered one had been extravagant, and if confronted by debts (however inescapable) he became positively brutal. She spoke with feeling, her last encounter with her exasperated brother still vivid in her mind.

"Only because I purchased a dressing-case, which every lady must have, and desired him in the civillest way to pay for it, for how could I do so myself on the paltry sum he allows me for pin-money—he sent it back to the shop! I was never so mortified! And, would you credit it, Dysart?—he promised me that if I again ran into debt he would send me down to Merion in charge of a strict governess! A governess—!"

The Viscount was not much impressed—and, indeed, he would have been still less impressed had he been privileged to set eyes on the necessary adjunct to a lady's comfort in question. A handsome piece of baggage, that dressing-case, with every one of its numerous cut-glass bottles fitted with gold caps, embellished with a tasteful design in diamond-chips.

It had made the second footman, a stout youth, sweat only to carry it up one pair of stairs;

Continuing . . . April Lady

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and when it was flung open it had quite dazzled the eyes of all beholders. It had dazzled Cardross' eyes so much that he had closed them, an expression on his face of real anguish.

"That has nothing to say to anything, I daresay he thought it not the thing for you," said the Viscount, with unconscious shrewdness. "But everyone knows court dresses cost the deuce of a lot of money, and I shouldn't wonder at it if—"

"When Giles discovered that Nell was so monstrously in the wind he said such things as cast her into the greatest affliction!"

"Were you there?" demanded the Viscount suspiciously.

"No, I was not there, but I saw her directly afterwards, and

Vanity causes us to do more things against our inclination than reason does.
—La Rochefoucauld

she was quite overset! She cried in the most affecting way, and ever since she has been subject to fits of sad dejection. If you abandon her, it will be the most abominable thing I ever heard of!"

"Who said I meant to do so?" retorted his lordship. "All I said was— But it ain't to the purpose! It's a pity to-night's affair came to nothing, but I shall come about. And I'll thank you not to start meddling!" he added, in a very ungallant way.

"I have not the remotest intention of meddling!" said Letty, rigid with wrath.

"Well, see you don't!" recommended Dysart. "And don't go blabbing either!"

These ungentlemanly words brought to an abrupt end the excellent understanding which had seemed to be flourishing

between them. Letty, in freezing accents, requested his lordship to restore her to her chaperon, and his lordship did so with unflattering alacrity.

Finding that Nell was attended by a great many of her friends, he did not feel that it behoved him to remain at her side, but went off to amuse himself in his own way. Since he was, regrettably, one of those dashing blades who could not be trusted to keep the line at a masquerade he managed to do this tolerably well by flirting outrageously with any lady obliging enough to encourage him. By the time that had palled he had been so fortunate as to have rubbed against a crony, in whose company, and that of several other bucks of the first head, he spent the remainder of the evening, rejoining his sister finally in very merry pin.

He was not precisely cast-away (as he would himself have phrased it), and only a high stickler could have found anything to object to in the affable, not to say rollicking, mood engendered by champagne punch; but it was evident that he had temporarily banished care, and could not be expected to bend his mind to the solving of Nell's difficulties. Instead, he entertained the ladies during the drive back to town with snatches of song, delivered in a fine, forceful baritone.

In spite of the absence from it of Mr. Allandale, Letty had much enjoyed the masquerade. Like the Viscount, she had indulged in a good deal of flirtation, allowing her vivacity to carry her to lengths only possible under the disguise of a mask and domino. She had received a great many audacious compliments, and her spangled gown had been much admired.

Her giddiness added nothing to Nell's comfort, but she was powerless to check the liveliness that several times put her to the blush. A gentle admonition was met merely with a

laugh and a toss of the head; and when she ventured to say, "Letty, if you won't keep a proper distance for your own sake, do so for mine, I beg of you!" her wilful sister-in-law replied, "Oh, fudge! You place yourself on too high a form! There's no harm in romping a trifle at a masquerade, everyone does so! It is all just fun and giggle!"

"It is unbecoming," Nell said. "Bath miss manners! You wouldn't behave with so little regard, particularly if Mr. Allandale were here!"

"Dear Jeremy! No, indeed! I should flirt with him instead. But he is not here, and I've no notion of being moped and die-away at such an agreeable party, I can tell you. I think we are having a splendid night's raking, don't you?"

It was useless to persist; useless, too, to hope that Letty would not be recognised. At midnight there would be a general unmasking, when disappearing eyes would see that the fast girl in the shimmering domino and spangled gown was none other than Cardross' little half-sister.

Youth and a naturally volatile disposition led Letty, carried away by excitement, into behaviour that was beyond the line of being pleasing. The evils of her former situation in her aunt's house were never more clearly shown. She had neither precept nor example to guide her, her aunt being both indolent and scatter-brained, and her cousins over-bold young women with nothing in their heads but finery and dalliance.

Having perceived Lady Chudleigh among the gathering of unmasked chaperons, Nell braced herself to meet the inevitable strictures which she did not doubt her husband's most formidable aunt would feel it her duty to address to her. In the event, however, Lady Chudleigh was surprisingly gracious. She certainly condemned the spangled dress, and was thankful that she had no cause to blush for her own daughter, but she said that she did not blame Nell for Letty's want of conduct.

"It is much to be regretted that Letitia does not take a lesson from you, my dear Helen," she said majestically. "I shall not deny that I have been used to think that Cardross made a great mistake when he chose to offer for you. I always speak my mind, and I told him at the time that he would do better to ally himself to a female nearer in age to himself. But I must own, and do not hesitate to do so, that I have been agreeably surprised in you! It is a sad pity that Letitia has neither your discretion nor your good taste."

With these measured words of approval she moved on, which was just as well, since Nell could think of nothing whatsoever to say in reply to them. Her daughter, a rather angular girl, unkindly described by her cousin Felix as an anti-dote, lingered to exclaim, "Only fancy Mama's saying that to you! She does not often praise people, I can tell you, Cousin Helen!"

The congratulatory tone in which this was uttered was a little too much for Nell. She said tartly, "I am sure I ought to be very much obliged to her!"

"I knew you must feel it so. Do you know, Mama said to me yesterday that you were a very pretty-behaved young woman? There!"

"Did she indeed? Well, don't repeat any more of her compliments, for they might puff me up too much in my own conceit!"

Miss Chudleigh uttered. "That is precisely what Mama said! At least, I mean she said that it was a wonder your head was not turned by all the compliments you receive. But I quite expected her to censure you for permitting Letty to wear such an improper gown. I can't think how she can do so without blushing. I could not!"

"No, and I must own that I think you would be very unwise to attempt anything in the same style," instantly retorted the

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New hair beauty for Mother and daughter ...

Twink

THE NEW ONE-LOTION HOME PERM WITH SPECIAL OIL CONDITIONER

Silky-soft waves without frizz — in only 15 minutes

No wonder Twink caught on "quick as a wink" with thousands of women! For Twink not only does its proper job of waving hair into shiny-soft waves and silky curls, but gives it a delicate oil treatment. Even the fine-spun hair of a little girl comes out of a Twink wave as silken as ever. Whether your hair is easy or hard to wave, Twink suits every type and colour.

AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING DEPARTMENTAL STORES
FULL HEAD SIZE 13/6 END CURL SIZE 9/-



A CURL'S BEST FRIEND

The charming mother and daughter "twosome" are Mrs. P. Writer, of Dettman Avenue, Longueville, N.S.W., and her 13-year-old daughter, Sandra. Mrs. Writer gave herself and Sandra a Twink Home Permanent on the day the picture was taken. Mrs. Writer's hair called for twelve curls on one side, four on the other and fourteen across the back. "And I did Sandra's hair only on the ends," she said. "Twink left our hair so shiny and soft."

QUICK QUIZ ABOUT TWINK

- **Will Twink Save Me Time?** Yes, for one creamy, pink lotion does the whole job of waving — in just 15 minutes. And Twink eliminates the neutralizer. You can go about your business at home for the time it takes your hair to dry naturally. Or go to sleep — and wake up with a brand-new hair-do.
- **How Long Will A Twink Wave Last?** Depending on how short you cut your hair and how quickly it grows, your Twink wave will last as long as a £4 permanent at a hairdressing salon, yet costs no more than a lipstick.

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**MEN OF BUSINESS APPRECIATE THE SMARTNESS
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Women like the easy laundering qualities of Pelaco-Luvisca Shirts—and the way they retain their new, fresh, sparkling appearance. Smart, fashion-right Pelaco-Luvisca Shirts are available in two cloth designs—Bold-line and Fine-line, in collar attached and fashion styles, in arctic white, blue, grey, fawn, at all the best stores for men.

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DISTINCTIVELY TAILORED FROM COURTAULDS FABRIC—
IT'S THE SHIRT THAT WEARS AND WEARS AND WEARS



pretty-behaved Lady Cardross. "But Letty, you know, has so perfect a figure that she can carry off anything! For my part, I never saw her in greater beauty!"

"And I hope she told her detestable mother!" Nell said, when later recounting this exchange to Letty.

"Well!" said Letty, giggling. "What a bouncer! When you took one look at my dress and said you had never seen anything so unsuitable!"

"Yes, but I didn't say it was not becoming! And in any event it was a great piece of impertinence for Miriam to criticise you. Or for Lady Chudleigh to do so, either, for now I come to think of it she is not your aunt, but only Giles!"

"Dear Nell!" gurgled Letty. Nell submitted to an enthusiastic embrace, but said, in a rather conscience-stricken tone: "But I must tell you, Letty, that I agreed with every word they said! It is too old a dress, and don't say you didn't dress your petticoat, for I know you did! Nothing else could have made it cling so! What Cardross must have said, had he seen it!"

"You sound just like a governess!"

"So I do!" Nell said, much struck, and looking quite aghast. "Oh, what an odious girl you are, Letty, to put me to that necessity! You make me feel like a governess!"

"I did not purchase a lace gown for more than three hundred guineas," said Letty, folding her hands, and gazing piously at the ceiling. "I am not in a quake lest my husband should discover it!"

Quite confounded, poor Nell remained speechless for several moments. She made a gallant recovery. "No, you bought a dressing-case for five hundred pounds, didn't you? And you are not in debt because Cardross sent it back! At least that has not happened to me!"

"I hoped you wouldn't remember that," said Letty candidly. "Oh, Nell, it has put a famous notion into my head! Send the gown back to Laval!"

You may say that it is not in the least what you wanted, and doesn't become you!"

"Well, if that is your famous notion I never heard anything so unscrupulous in my life!" gasped Nell. "Besides, I tore it a little at Carlton House that night, and Laval would instantly see where Sutton darned it!"

"What a pity! There is nothing for it, then, but to order another dress from the horrid creature," said Letty, unconsciously echoing Dysart. "That is what my aunt does when her dressmaker duns her. And if you keep on sending it back, saying it does not fit, or that you prefer a floss trimming instead of lace, or some such thing, it won't be finished until the quarter, and then you may pay for both the gowns! Why, in less than two months it will be quarter-day, and you will find yourself in funds again! I see no difficulty."

The suggestion found no favor with Nell, but since Madame Laval had followed up her bill with a polite letter drawing my lady's attention to it and trusting that my lady would find it convenient to defray it within the immediate future, she felt her case to be desperate, and resolved on a course which, disagreeable though it might be, seemed to hold out more promise of success than any scheme Dysart was likely to evolve.

She would pay Madame Laval a visit, not to bespeak another expensive dress, but to explain with what dignity she could muster that although it was not at all convenient to her to pay the account in the immediate future she would faithfully do so at the end of the following month. That this would dig an uncomfortably large hole in her next quarter's allowance Nell realised, but decided, with the optimism of youth, that with a little economy she would contrive to scrape through the summer months.

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 55

She had been started to receive Madame's letter, and shrewd enough to perceive, underlying its smooth civility, a threat; but she was as yet too inexperienced to know that some unusual circumstance must lurk behind it, or that no modiste of high fashion would dream, for the paltry sum of three hundred and thirty guineas, of alienating a patroness of such rich promise as the young Countess of Cardross.

But after a very few minutes in Madame Laval's company she learned that the circumstances governing Madame's action were very unusual indeed. Madame, after a long and lucrative career in Bruton Street, was about to retire from business. She was, in fact, return-

ing to her native land, but this she naturally did not disclose to Lady Cardross, preferring to say with a vagueness at odd variance with her sharp-featured face, with its calculating sly-eyes and inflexible mouth, that she would henceforward be out of the way of collecting debts.

Lady Cardross was certainly an innocent, but even a bride from the schoolroom might wonder how it would be possible for Madame to return to France in time of war. It was possible, if one had money and time to spend on the journey, influential connections to assist one over the obstacles in the path, and, above all, relations well-placed in Paris. From England one might still travel to Denmark, and after that—well, the matter arranged itself!

On the whole Madame had done very well out of her last London Season, but this was now in full swing, her most valued clients had purchased quite as many gowns as they were likely to need, and it was time to close her accounts. She had several bad debts; that went without saying. It was not worth the pain of attempting to recover those losses; but she knew well that although Lady Cardross might be at a temporary standstill her lord was as wealthy a man as might be found, and would certainly pay his wife's debts.

The sense of this she managed to convey to Nell in the most urbane manner conceivable, not an ungenteel word spoken, the sugared smile never deserting her lips.

"Oh, if it is the case that you are retiring from business—" said Nell, shrugging her shoulders with splendid indifference. "I had not perfectly

understood. Naturally you will wish to be paid immediately! Rest assured that I will attend to the matter!"

She then sailed away, her head high, and her heart cowering in her little kid shoes. Madame, having curtsied her off the premises with the greatest deference, rubbed her hands together and said, "She will contrive, that one!"

That she must somehow contrive, and without Cardross' knowledge, was by this time a fixed determination in Nell's mind. Every day that had passed since the first appearance of Madame's account had added to her dread that he would discover the debt. Reason was lost sight of. The debt, and Cardross' sentiments, if he should be called upon to pay it, assumed grotesque proportions, until it seemed to her as though it might wreck her life.

No sobering counsel was at hand to cast a damper on lurid imagination, and give her thoughts a saner direction. Letty, exaggerating her own experiences, recommended her at all costs to settle the matter before Cardross got wind of it; and Dysart, knowing how much his own depredations on her purse were responsible for her present predicament, was apparently prepared to go to extraordinary lengths for the furtherance of this end.

But Dysart had shaken Nell's faith in him. Letty might applaud his scheme for her relief. She could not. It seemed to her a shocking thing to have attempted, and the thought of what next his wild humor might prompt him to do put her in a quake of apprehension. There must be no depending on Dysart; and there was no one else to whom she could turn.

Such a reflection as this was scarcely soothing to nerves already irritated. The conviction that she was friendless, and hunted into the bargain, began to take strong possession of Nell's mind. She sank into a slough of self-pity, seeing her debt as a sum large enough to

Adam and Eve

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

MY husband gave me a new calendar and while I was unrolling it I cut my finger on the fine tin along the edge. When he saw the blood dripping he exclaimed:

"Look out, or you'll have every day marked as a holiday!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. H. R. Hill, 4 Kinross Ave., Caulfield, Vic.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

DURING mealtimes in our caravan it is invariably necessary for me to shift my legs out of the passage so that my wife can reach the stove. Recently, when the kettle boiled, she asked me:

"Darling, would you mind getting up and turning the stove off, please, so I won't have to disturb you?"

£2/2/- awarded to Rhys Watkins, c/o P.O., Clermont, Qld.

Send your entries to "Just Like A Man" or "Just Like A Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Are you in the know?



How to straighten out a feud you started?

- ☐ Make the first move. ☐ Wait for him to call.
☐ Try the weeping technique.

You blow your top. And you're sorry—even before you hear the door slam. Well, tell him so, in a little note. Or, ask the crowd over and invite your bitter half. If that doesn't fetch him, why knock yourself out? 'Tain't worth it . . . any more than it is to fret over trying days' woes. You needn't, for Kotex® Sanitary Napkins give you greater absorbency without bulk, and Kotex is made to stay soft while you're wearing it. So for comfort that never fails, ask for Kotex.



When your suntan starts to fade—

- ☐ Get back in the swim. ☐ Get in the pink. ☐ Get a sun-lamp.

As your fancy turns to Autumn fashions, don't let a waning suntan give you a last-rose-of-summer look. Use a pink-tinted makeup base, powder and lipstick to usher in the season. Then you'll blend better with Autumn togs. You know you can wear any smooth new outfit any day, without misgiving . . . once you've learned to trust to Kotex. Those special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. So fade those fears with Kotex.



More women throughout the world choose Kotex than any other sanitary napkin.

* Registered Trade Mark



In removing a bone, should you use—

- ☐ Your fingers. ☐ A serviette. ☐ A spoon.

When you bite off more than you can chew—a small bone, that is—don't use your dinner napkin as a curtain! Get the bone back to your plate quietly, neatly, with your fingers. Then your date may never notice. Learn how to save yourself embarrassment in all sorts of situations. On "problem" days, Kotex is the answer. Because that special safety centre gives you extra protection, you can rule out panic, with poise.

Seen the latest?

If you haven't yet seen the new white Kotex® Belts, now's the time! Ask to see all ten Kotex Belt styles—including the belts with the new all-nylon grips. They're flexible, neat and so secure. The new belts with all-nylon grip are the newest Kotex contribution to comfort on difficult days.



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celebrate **NATIONAL WASHING MACHINE MONTH!**

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DOUBLE TEN



A WASHER GIVEN AWAY EVERY DAY IN APRIL

Just for completing this simple
Rock 'n' Roll Jingle . . .

It's National Washing Machine Month—hey!
Here's what all the leading makers say
Use only Rinso, Rinso in your machine
To get a wash that's sparkling clean
Those Rinso suds will work for you

(Example: To get clothes whiter, brighter than new)



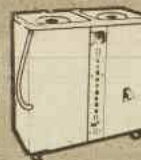
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TURNER
SAPPHIRE

Why all leading washing machine makers recommend RINSO and only RINSO

And here are some clues to help your
entry win a shining new washer

It's no coincidence that all leading washing machine makers advise you to use Rinso. Naturally, they all want you to get the best results from their machines. And manufacturers know that Rinso's richer, softer suds give brand-new brightness to whites and coloureds too. Seven out of every ten housewives say there's just nothing to beat Rinso when it comes to getting clothes really clean.

HOW TO ENTER

Make a note to pick up a contest leaflet to-day from your nearest grocery or electrical goods store. Take several forms—get the whole family to enter—every day if they like! Remember, the contest closes midnight April 30th—and on each of those 30 days some lucky family (could so easily be yours!) will win a superb new washing machine.



EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE

and Rinso is the only product recommended by the makers
of all leading washing machines

EWD
WM

Continuing . . .

**April
Lady**

from page 57

have ruined a Nabob, and his husband as a miser with heart of flint.

It was in this mood that she presently stepped down from her barouche, and it was to a coachman who rescued her from it, by desiring to know whether she would be requiring the carriage again that day. The very mention of it dispelled that unjust vision of Cardross.

Just because she had once admired a friend's barouche had given her one for her own, and with a pair of horses that took the shine out of every other pair to be seen in town. She had not liked the famous Cardross necklace, and a sparkling collection of emeralds and diamonds heavily set with gold, and instead of being offended he had told her to keep it for State occasions, and he given her the most charming pendant to wear in its stead.

"For everyday use!" he had said, with the smile that had won her heart in his eyes.

Self-pity turned in an instant to self-blame. From being tyrannical miser Cardross became the most generous man alive, and quite the most useful; and she the embodiment of selfishness, extravagance, and ingratitude. And, if Dysart was to be believed, she had added blindness and stupidity to the vices.

It now seemed to her wonderful that Cardross should have remained patient for so long. Perhaps he was regretting the impulse that had made him offer for her; perhaps, even disgust at her coldness and ingratitude had already driven him back to Lady Orsett.

A year earlier Nell, instructed by Mama, had steeled herself to accept the fact of Lady Orsett as one of the inescapable crosses a wife must bear with complaisance; but between the girl who had supposed herself to be making a marriage of convenience and the bride who had been brought to realise that he was a love-match there was a vast difference.

Mama would scarcely have recognised her docile, beautifully-mannered daughter in the bright-eyed young woman who uttered between clenched teeth: "She shan't have him!"

This determination, excellent though it might be, only strengthened her resolve to settle Madame Laval's account without applying to Cardross. In her view nothing could more surely jeopardise her whole future than to cast out her husband while preserving him with yet another daughter. He must certainly believe her to be hoaxing him, playing a detestable cajolery that could only disgust a man of sensibility.

Her thoughts flickered to the second of Dysart's suggestion that she should sell some of her jewellery. Not, of course, Cardross' gifts, but perhaps the pearls Mama had given her. But every feeling revolted. These were Mama's own pearls, jealously preserved by her for her eldest daughter, and bestowed upon her with such affectionate tenderness.

Stress of circumstances had obliged poor Mama to sell nearly all her jewellery, but the pearls she had clung to through the direst of her straits, and she had her daughter to sell them on to pay for an extravagant gown must sink her for ever before reproach.

A very little reflection convinced Nell that there was no

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SUCCESS WITH HERBS

● In Australia, with its mild winters and widely variable range of climates, there is scarcely an end to the herbs — decorative, culinary, and medicinal — which can be grown successfully.

THE average culinary herb range in home gardens rarely exceeds mint, parsley, thyme, sage, marjoram, basil, and anise. But there are nearly 100 that can be grown with success.

There are also about 35 herbs that are used in various ways for "teas"; about 28 that can be used for salads; 16 or more that are known as "pot herbs" which can be cooked and used as vegetables; about 10 savory-seeded herbs; and 34 that can be used for dyeing and coloring purposes.

In addition there are 65 or more that find their way into commerce and industry and are in keen demand by chemists, dyers, drug-makers, confectioners, bakers, condiment-makers, and many others.

In the home garden, the culinary herbs are important. The best are angelica, basil (Italian and sweet), sweet bay, borage, burnet, chervil, chicory, chives, lovage, marjoram, mint (many different flavors), parsley, rosemary, sages, savory, tarragon, and thyme.

Skilled cooks also know the value of savory-seeded species such as anise, sesame (benc), caraway, coriander, cumin, dill, fennel, mustard, nasturtium, and poppy (opium). Poppy has to be grown under licence.

Most herbs seem to thrive in ordinary backyard soils, which differ, of course, according to their mineral and humus content, and the district and climatic conditions.

Some of them, for instance angelica, which grows tall and shrubby, need deep, good soil. Those that are grown as pot herbs and for green salads also need soil that is moderately rich in humus (rotted vegetable matter).

Others, like mint, parsley, and chives, do well on the south side of a fence where conditions are cool and moist.

There are innumerable varieties of thyme, but only a few are used for culinary or medicinal purposes. The most commonly used are thymus azoricus, thymus herba barona (caraway), garden thyme, and thymus citriodorus (lemon thyme).

Herbs of the ornamental species make excel-



PRACTICAL and decorative is the arrangement of these herbs grown by Mrs. D. Hinson, of Turramurra, N.S.W. On the wrought-iron table are thyme, sweet basil, houseleek, sage, and marjoram. Added to the herbs applemint, peppermint, oregano, thyme, and lemonbalm are a few strawberries in the white jar. Chives are also shown.

lent gardens when given space where they can ramble undisturbed. Some of our biggest homes have walled-in enclosures, the beds being bordered and planted with herbs that are both useful and decorative.

Normally, however, it pays the gardener to confine the culinary and medicinal herbs to one place, and give the ornamental species an area to themselves.

While old-time "witches" were supposed to have been the earliest experts in herbal production, there is no black magic about herb culture. Some herbs have to be studied as to their soil, water, and fertiliser requirements, but few of them can be said to be really difficult.

Before buying or planting out herbs, however, make sure the soil is well drained and holds water reasonably well. Sow the seeds or set out plants at the right time of the year — spring for annuals, and on a cool day, preferably after rain, for biennial and perennial species.

Make sure, also, that what you want to grow is suitable for your climate and rainfall.

If intending to dry and save herbs for the future, cut the leafy tops just as the flowers appear at their best and before they go to seed. The plants then contain their highest oil properties and are richest in vitamins.

Hang the branches up to dry in a warm room, and package them later in glass jars or cellophane envelopes.

GARDENING

BELOW: Tarragon (right) and santolina tied to be dried and then potted for use at any time. They thrive in Australia.



Continuing . . . Gardener's ABC

SCABROUS: Rough or gritty to the touch.

SCAPE: A stem growing direct from the root and bearing the flower without leaves.

SCION: A young shoot of a tree; a cutting of a twig used for grafting on another stock.

SECOND CROWN BUD: The next bud to form on a new shoot after removal of the crown bud.

SELF: Flowers of one shade.

SEPAL: Leaf or lobe of calyx.

SERRATE: Toothed like a saw; applied to leaf margins.

SESSILE: Without a stalk.

"They're Arnott's"

"You'll like them too"



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DELICIOUS WITH
ICE-CREAM OR COFFEE

Arnott's
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Cream Wafer

There is no Substitute for Quality



one way in which she could raise three hundred pounds. It must be borrowed. Dysart had rather unexpectedly condemned this expedient, but Nell knew that even Mama had had dealings with a moneylender, so that borrowing upon interest, though it might be an expensive practice, could not be a crime.

Papa, of course, had carried it to unwise lengths. Nell perfectly understood how ruinous continued borrowings could be, but it was surely absurd to suppose that anything very dreadful would happen if one borrowed three hundred pounds only for a few weeks. It would be paid back at the end of June, and no one need ever know anything about it.

The more she considered it, the more Nell liked the scheme, and the more she was inclined to attribute Dysart's severe attitude to some antiquated notion of propriety. Even the most careless of brothers could be amazingly stuffy on any question of conduct affecting the ladies of his family; that was one of the incomprehensible things about men.

To hear Papa, in the bosom of his family, one would suppose that modesty and discretion were the two virtues he considered most indispensable in a female. But there had been nothing in Papa's career to suggest this. Indeed, far otherwise! Dysart, warmly approving the generously displayed charms of a certain actress, almost in the same breath could speak censoriously of his sister's gown, if it were cut lower than usual, or clung too closely to her form for his suddenly austere taste.

Even Cardross suffered from this peculiarity. He had not criticised her raiment, but he made no secret of the fact that he expected from his wife and sister a degree of decorum

which he did not practise himself.

"I will have no scandal in my household," said Cardross inflexibly, just as though he had not been creating scandal in Lord Orsett's household for years. Nell didn't doubt that he would disapprove strongly of his wife's patronising a moneylender, but she didn't allow it to worry her very much. Imprudent it might be, but what Mama had done could not be a crime.

Nell gave Dysart a day's grace, and when he neither came to see her nor wrote to tell her what next he meant to do, set forth, not without some inward trepidation, on a visit to Mr. King, in Clarges Street. It had been Mr. King who had enjoyed Mama's custom.

There were certain difficulties in the way of setting forth from Grosvenor Square alone and on foot, but she overcame these by ordering her carriage round to take her to the Green Park, where (she said) she was going to walk with some friends. At the last moment Letty nearly spoilt this careful plan by going with her, but she had the happy thought of saying that she had arranged to meet in the park two ladies whom Letty violently disliked, so Letty decided instead to go with her maid on a shopping expedition.

Nell might tell herself that there was no harm in her projected errand, but she could not tell herself that it would be proper to take Letty into her confidence, for, oddly enough, although it might be allowable for herself to seek relief from her difficulties with Mr. King, for Letty to do the same thing would be quite

Continuing . . . April Lady

[from page 58]

shocking. And she could not help feeling that that was just what Letty would do, once the idea had been put into her head, for she was never out of debt, and had lately been warned by Cardross that he was not going to encourage her extravagant habits by continuing to defray all the totally unnecessary expenses she incurred.

NELL dressed herself with great care for her expedition, choosing from the formidable collection of walking-dresses in her wardrobe one of cambric, made high to the neck, and with long sleeves, and only a border of cable trimming to relieve its austerity.

For some reason which she could not have explained she felt that when one visited a moneylender one's habit should be as modest as possible, so she added a sarsnet pelisse of dark blue to her ensemble. This lent her an undeniable note of sobriety, but when it came to the selection of a hat the only one she possessed that approached sobriety was made of olive-brown silk.

No exigency could induce her to wear this with a blue pelisse, so she was obliged to choose instead a frivolous bonnet that matched the pelisse but was trimmed with lace and flowers. A thick veil served the double purpose of providing a disguise and a touch of rather dowdy respectability. It also staggered her dresser, and certainly made her suspicious; but Nell said glibly that the dust from the streets had slightly

roughened her cheeks, an explanation which seemed to satisfy Miss Sutton.

Set down at the Bath Gate, Nell entered the Green Park and strolled for a little while beside the Basin, trying to recruit her ebbing courage. Two unwelcome thoughts had occurred to her: Mama, when she had turned in desperation to Mr. King, had employed a go-between; and would not Mr. King wish to know her identity?

She had not previously considered this possibility, but as she rehearsed, during the drive from Grosvenor Square, what she must say at the coming interview, she realised that not the most obliging moneylender was in the least likely to advance a large sum of money to an unknown and heavily veiled lady.

Not only would he wish to know what were the circumstances of his client, but no doubt he would demand a note of hand from her. One might, of course, sign this with a fictitious name, but that would hardly satisfy Mr. King. Nell was quite shrewd enough to know that an obscure Mrs. Smith of no address would find it very much harder to borrow money upon interest than would the wife of an extremely wealthy peer.

A good deal daunted, it was with lagging steps that she left the Park and crossed the ruts and cobbles of Piccadilly. Her errand no longer seemed so innocuous, for while it would be a simple matter, and surely quite unembarrassing, to arrange a loan under a cloak of anonymity, it was another matter altogether to be obliged

to announce, "I am Lady Cardross."

She turned into Clarges Street, and was soon abreast of the discreet-looking house in which Mr. King carried on his business. She hesitated, saw that a man on the opposite side of the street was looking at her, and walked on, blushing under her veil. When she ventured to look round, he had disappeared from her view, so she turned and began to walk back.

By this time she was wishing herself a hundred miles away, dreading what lay before her, no longer sustained by the comforting reflection that it was not so very wrong, after all. A small but insistent inner voice told her that on this occasion Mama would not wish her example to be copied; and again she walked past Mr. King's house.

From a window in a house on the other side of the street Mr. Hethersett had for several minutes been observing these vacillations through his quizzing-glass.

The particular creny whom he had come to visit, having addressed several remarks to him without receiving any other answer than an absent-minded grunt, at last demanded if anything was amiss, and came to see what was claiming his attention.

Mr. Hethersett let his glass fall on the end of its ribbon and hastily picked up his hat and gloves. "Can't stay!" he said. "Remembered something important!"

His astonished friend protested, but Mr. Hethersett, in general polite to a point, did not stay to listen. He was out of the house in a matter of seconds, and crossing the street with long strides.

Nell, drawing a resolute breath, had mounted the first of the steps leading to Mr.

King's front door when she heard herself accosted in a slightly breathless accent.

"Cousin!" said Mr. Hethersett.

She jumped, and looked round. Mr. Hethersett raised the hat from his head and executed the bow for which he was famous.

"Very happy to have met you!" he said. "Beg you will allow me to escort you home!"

"Sir!" uttered Nell, in whom she hoped was the outraged voice of a stranger.

Apparently it was not.

"Can't hope to deceive me in that bonnet," explained Mr. Hethersett apologetically. "When it the day I drove you to the Botanic Gardens." Acutely aware of the giggling gaze fixed on him from a window across the street, he added, "Take my arm! George Burnley has his eye on us, and I won't do for him to recognise you. Not that I think he will but no sense in running the risk."

"I am very much obliged to you, but pray don't stay for me!" Nell said, trying to speak in a careless way. "I—I have some business to transact!"

"Yes, I know. That's why I came across the road."

"You know?" she repeated, rather scared. "But you cannot know, Felix! Besides—"

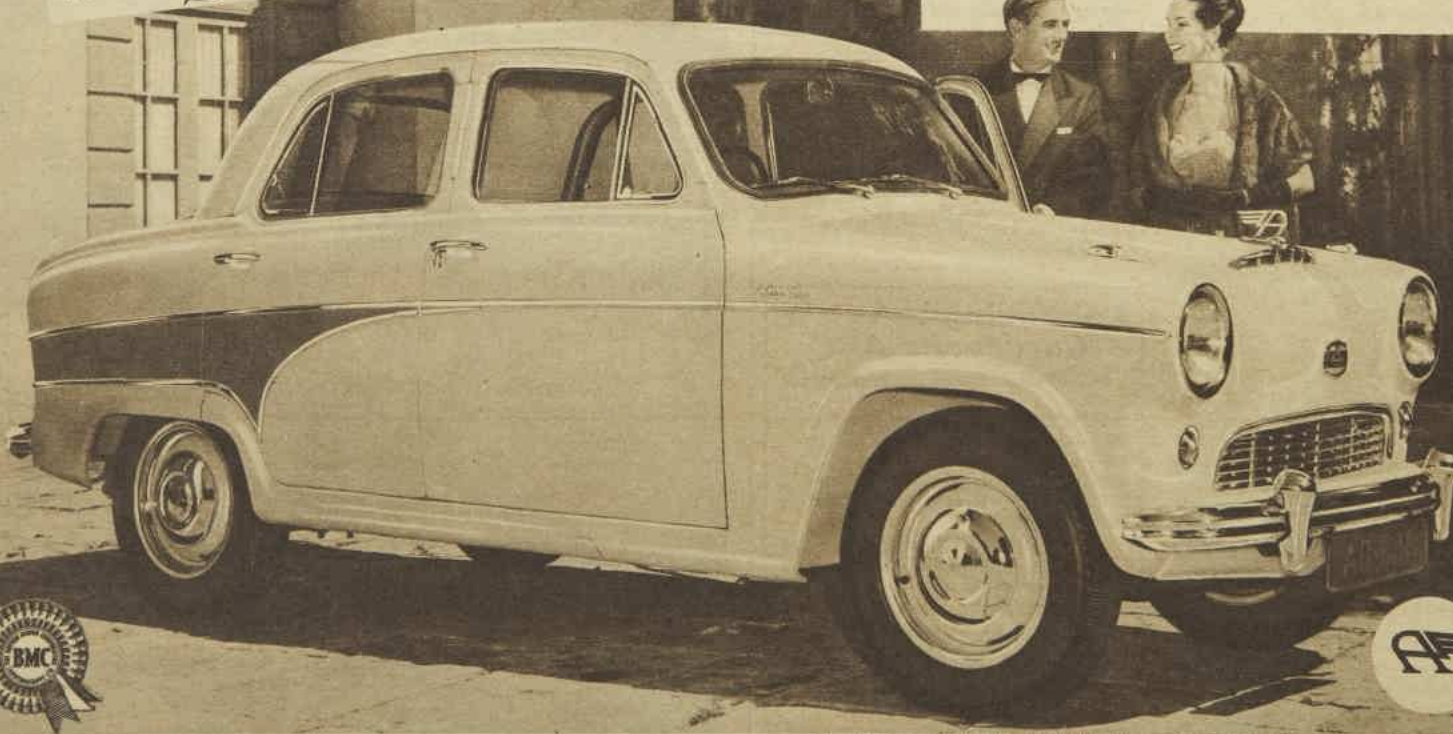
"What I mean is, know whose house this is," he explained. "It ain't any concern of mine, but it won't do for you to be doing business with Jew King, cousin. What's more, if Cardross knew—"

"You won't tell Cardross?" she cried involuntarily.

He was about to refute with considerable indignation the suggestion that he was a tale-bearer when prudence intervened. He temporised. "I won't tell him if you let me."

To page 66

AUSTIN A50 CAMBRIDGE NOW "STYLIZED" FOR 1957



The Austin A50 Cambridge is now more beautiful than ever! Bold distinguished styling; new colourful upholstery with accenting trim; and a new de luxe model, the Austin A50 Cambridge "Special", as illustrated. Drive this Austin of advanced styling — drive the smartest car in its class, a car you will be proud to own.

Austin A50 Cambridge £881 plus tax. With heater, £902 plus tax. De luxe "Special" also available.

Serviced and sold by Austin Distributors and Dealers everywhere.

The Austin Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd., a unit of The British Motor Corporation (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

Laundry floors and finishes

● The floor is an important item when planning a laundry. Before deciding on the type of flooring to be used, consider whether it is likely to have much water splashed on it.

FULLY impervious materials such as colored cement paving, terrazzo or ceramic tiles should be used to floor a laundry where a good deal of water will be splashed. If these materials are used, it is not wise to do ironing in the room. These floors are conductors of electricity when wet and could be dangerous if electrical equipment has become faulty through neglect.

Semi and fully automatic machines with outlet pipes connected direct to the drains make very little mess. Where

This is the second of two articles on laundry planning by Sydney architect W. J. McMurray.

they are installed there is a choice of almost a complete range of floor finishes, including such materials as lino, plastic, cork or asphalt tiles.

Some agitator types of machines on casters that have to be moved during washing can have a damaging effect on the softer types of floor finishes.

To avoid damage by accidental flooding, the laundry floor should have a substantial fall either toward a floor

waste pipe or external door.

Wall finishes: The development of many new and attractive wall boards has eliminated the problem of continual painting caused by the excess of steam and water.

Laminated plastics, pre-finished enamelled hardboard, and asbestos cement with the color incorporated are lasting and attractive finishes. Joints in these materials can be concealed by the use of light aluminium cover strips. These improve rather than detract from the general appearance of the room.

Ventilation: Plenty of ventilation should be provided close to the ceiling and, wherever possible, located on two external walls to provide cross ventilation. In hot climates or a bad aspect such as due west, an electric exhaust fan will keep the laundry comfortable.

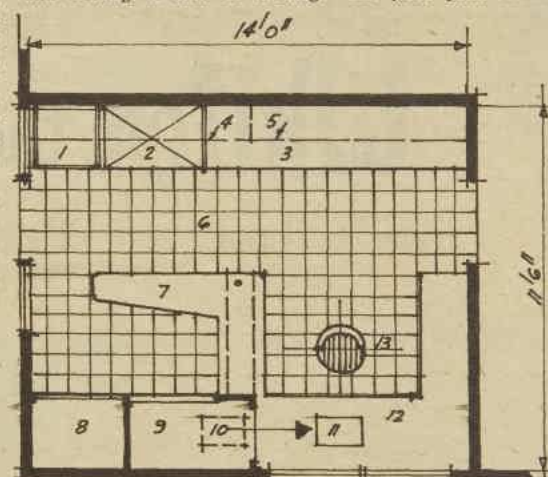
Cupboards and fittings: Bench space should be provided for sorting and damping down the washing. An ironing board that is easily erected and stored is worth considering. A suspended cupboard over the sorting bench can provide ideal storage space.

A soiled-linen cupboard and some shelving for freshly ironed clothing should be placed near the ironing board.

Lighting: Good natural light next to the ironing board is an obvious advantage. Artificial light, as in a



UTILITY-ROOM (above) is designed with space for sewing and ironing as well as washing. See floor plan below.



kitchen, can be much more effective as a wall fitting handy to the task rather than in a central ceiling fitting that throws shadows in the wrong direction.

Color: Cool colors such as the various shades of green, blue, and yellow, and neutral colors, including grey, white, and black, are the most suitable for laundry interiors.

FLOOR PLAN of utility-room: 1, single rinsing trough; 2, automatic washing machine; 3, sorting and general purpose bench; 4, suspended cupboard; 5, sewing-pattern storage; 6, lino tiles; 7, ironing bench; 8, soiled clothes, iron; 9, sewing-machine storage; 10, electric machine; 11, machine in work position; 12, sewing bench; 13, chair.

HOW TO BEAT RHEUMATISM

If you suffer from rheumatism here is good advice. Immediately you get up in the morning, make your bed. If you don't, moisture begins to condense on the warm bed-clothes which become damp and a damp bed is bad for you. Next, keep warm always. If you work hard, wear wool or flannel next to your skin to absorb perspiration and prevent chills.

No matter how hot conditions are, you can get chilled quickly when you stop work, especially in a wind. So pull on woollens or flannels while you are still warm.

To get warm quickly in bed, wear socks if necessary, lie on your back with legs straight, so that spine, lungs and heart get the quickest warmth. Rub and exercise painful muscles and joints. Don't let them grow stiff through too little movement. Take your daily dose of Dr. Mackenzie's MENTHOLS to give you your quota of "trace elements" and to liberate nascent oxygen to assist your kidneys to exercise their purifying effect.

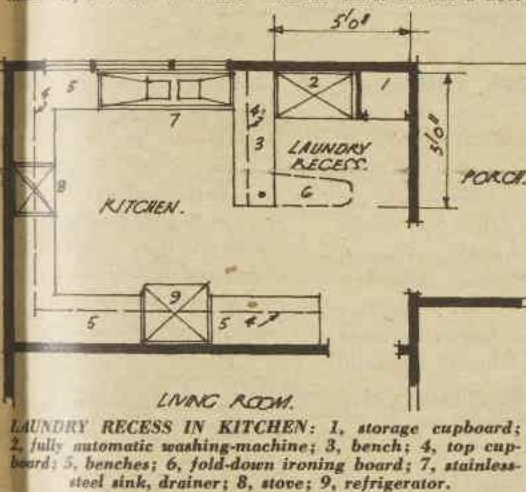
Get MENTHOLS from your chemist or store for 15/- or 5/- and get relief from rheumatism for only three pence a day. Save five shillings by buying the 15/- ECONOMY SIZE flask of MENTHOLS.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

HARIGNY Smart Set

The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.

3/11 everywhere



You'll buy best and look best in

Federal

WOOLLENS AND WORSTEDS

The way you feel in clothes has a good deal to do with the way you look in them. The luxurious softness and firm, non-sagging weave of Federal Fabrics gives comfort and confidence. Make sure your new winter suit, your skirts, your husband's new suit and top coat, your kiddies' clothes, are made of pure wool Federal Fabrics.

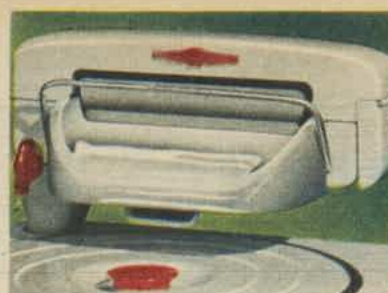
Most of the best known designers and manufacturers use Federal Woollens and Worsted these days because, quite frankly, the Federal Mills at Geelong produce fabrics equal to the best in the world.

FEDERAL WOOLLENS AND WORSTEDS

- resist bagging and sagging
- hold the shape of the garment
- are permanently wrinkle resistant
- dry clean perfectly
- wear wonderfully well.

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL — YOU CAN'T BUY BETTER VALUE AT ANY PRICE

Makers of the finest woollen and worsted fabrics in Australia — **FEDERAL WOOLLEN MILLS, GEELONG**



WASHES CLEANER! The deep scientifically designed agitator sweeps an arc of 225 degrees—*w-i-d-e-r* than any other washing machine—prevents tangling—provides over 54 washing actions per minute and creates 20 times more suds turbulence than copper boiling. The sudsy water swirls around and around, free of grit and heavy dirt removed by the special sediment trap. The action is *gentle, thorough* and the wash comes out *cleaner than you ever dreamed*.

WASHES BRIGHTER! Wrings away *every skerrick* of sudsy water—wrings away that film left on clothes by ordinary wringers—bringing out the true sparkling whiteness of the wash. No washing machine has a wringer to match it. Big, wide, cushiony rollers adjust automatically to hankies to blankets—no knobs to adjust. **WASHES FASTEST!** 18 high-speed features give you labour-saving, 12-minute wash. The automatic pump empties water in only 2 minutes.



Home Laundry Adviser Kay Seton proves . . .

Wilkins Servis washes Whiter than copper-boiling and gets clothes on the line in 12 minutes!



ROCKET THROUGH YOUR WASH WITH DAZZLING, WHITER, BRIGHTER RESULTS Switch from old-fashioned washday methods to the ease and speed of a Wilkins Servis Washing Machine—and enjoy whiter, brighter results than you ever imagined!

No other
washing machine
gives you these
**Worth More
features**

- LARGE 9-LB. CAPACITY.
- FINGER-TIP MASTER CONTROL at waist level—stops and starts all action.
- Calorific THERMAL JACKET. Water heats quicker—stays hot longer—cuts electricity costs.
- AUTOMATIC EMPTYING in only 2 minutes.
- Fashion-styled Console Cabinet with BUILT-IN STORAGE CUPBOARD.
- NO INSTALLATION COST.



EVERY WOMAN DESERVES A WASHING MACHINE!

HERE'S YOUR PROOF OF A CLEANER, FASTER WA

Mrs. Kay Seton, a noted authority, tested copper boiling and all main types of washing machines for a comparison of results. Read what Mrs. Seton says. "The brightest, cleanest wash of all comes out of a Wilkins Servis Washing Machine. And, being a mother of two children, I find it wonderful that I'm able to comfortably get a full load of washing out on the line in only 12 minutes."

Discover the secret—the features no other washing machine gives you—WIDE-SWEEP AGITATION and the Wilkins Servis WORLD-PATENTED WRINGER.

The deep, scientifically designed

agitator of smooth lifetime plastic covers an arc of 225°—*w-i-d-e-r* than any other, providing over 54 washing actions per minute and creating 20 times more suds turbulence than copper boiling. Even sand is removed from pockets of kiddies' trousers. Clothes stay right in the thickness of the suds—never tangled—remain new longer. The sparkling whiteness of the wash is revealed as the final wringer removes every last skerrick of sudsy water—wrings away the dulling film usually left on clothes by ordinary wringers. Big cushiony rollers adjust automatically from hankies to blankets—no knobs to adjust won't harm buttons.

Wilkins Servis washes cleaner and faster and when you see one at your retailer you'll instantly sense its quality of manufacture and superiority of finish. For an even greater insight—ask the "HIDDEN FEATURES" folder.

At stores throughout the nation from as low as 99 gns. Superheat model £116. Easy Terms available. FULLY GUARANTEED.



* Which Colour?

Suddenly, laundries are brighter with your choice of Gay-Tone colours in the newest look in washing machines.



Two recipes win prizes

● This week's £5 prize-winning recipe is prawn cocktail rolls, a tempting party savory. Variety fruit cake wins £1 consolation prize.

THE prize-winning recipe of hot cocktail rolls will be a popular dish at any time of the year. For a simple and delicious variation, wrap each roll in a strip of bacon and secure with a cocktail stick before reheating.

The medley of flavors in the light fruit cake should prove interesting to all cake-makers. All spoon measurements are level.

PRAWN COCKTAIL ROLLS

Half-cup tomato juice, 1 egg, 2 cups stale bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon chopped celery leaves, 1lb. prawns, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1lb. puff pastry, parsley to garnish.

Combine tomato juice, beaten egg, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, parsley, chopped celery leaves, lemon juice, and chopped shelled prawns, reserving a few whole ones for garnishing. Mix well. Roll pastry thinly on floured board, cut into strips 3in. by 1/2in. Place a teaspoonful of prawn mixture on each pastry strip. Roll up from the short

side, seal edge, leaving ends open. Place on flat tray, bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes until pastry is cooked and golden brown. Just before serving return to oven to reheat. Serve piping hot garnished with whole prawns, parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Gapps, c/o 39 Glen Rd., Oatley, N.S.W.

VARIETY FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 8oz. self-raising flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 grated apple, 3 passionfruit, 4oz. raisins, 4oz. chopped dates, 1 tablespoon plum jam, 1 dessertspoon muscat (optional), 2 tablespoons milk.

Cream butter and sugar with vanilla, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add dates, raisins, apple, passionfruit pulp, and jam. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and lastly muscat. Fill mixture into greased 7in. cake-tin, and bake in moderately slow oven 1 hour. Cool on cake-cooler.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Goldsmith, 63 Hudson Pde., Clareville Beach, via Avalon, N.S.W.



IT'S NICE to make your own puff pastry for these prawn cocktail rolls, but if time is precious before a party purchase a pound of ready-prepared puff pastry from your local pastry-cook. It will keep two or three weeks in the refrigerator on the freezer shelf.

This week's FAMILY DISH

TRIPE is not one of the most popular foods, yet prepared as suggested in this week's family dish it will always be welcomed at meal-times. The dish costs approximately six shillings and serves five.

SPANISH TRIPE

One and a half pounds tripe, 4 tomatoes, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons white wine, pinch herbs, 1 clove garlic, 1 tablespoon butter or sub-

stitute, salt and pepper to taste, little grated nutmeg, 2 rashers bacon.

Blanch and cook tripe in usual way, cut into small pieces or thin strips. Melt butter or substitute, add onion (chopped), skinned tomatoes, herbs, chopped garlic, salt and pepper. Cook until tomatoes are tender. Add tripe, white wine and nutmeg. Fill into oven-proof dish, top with chopped bacon, and cook in moderate oven until bacon is crisp or reheat over gentle heat and serve topped with chopped, cooked bacon.

Ills of autumn

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse

AT the end of the summer, when the weather is changeable and bodily resistance tends to be lowered after the long spell of hot weather, respiratory complaints may cause sickness among young children.

Most widespread of these complaints is the common cold, often caused when there is lowered vitality. Neglect of a cold can lead to bronchitis, and this in turn can lead to a dangerous complication known as broncho-pneumonia.

Croup, not a disease in itself but an alarming attack of breathlessness (with a crowing sound with each intake of breath), may be due to some inflammation of the respiratory tract. It can be the result of a neglected cold.

Constipation and a wrong diet (especially too heavy a meal before going to bed) can also be contributing causes.

These autumn and winter complaints and other nursery ailments and their treatment are described in detail in my book "You and Your Baby."

The new 5th enlarged and revised edition of this complete parentcraft book is now obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and from bookshops in all capital cities. Price 15/- plus 9d. postage.

Make sandwiches quicker, easier with tasty KRAFT SPREADS

Can you imagine a delicious sandwich filling that takes only three seconds to prepare? Well picture this... Dip a knife into a Kraft Spread glass. Now with one sweep, spread the sandwich or savoury biscuit. That's all there is to it. And Kraft

Spreads give wonderful variety for all sorts of sandwiches and savouries.

Free: Each spread comes to you in a beautiful fluted tumbler at no extra cost—made from fine quality clear glass.

Have you tried all these delicious Kraft Spreads?



Choose from: Cream Cheese Spread—a smooth, creamy delicate flavour... Smoky—a distinctive cheese with a smoked "ham" flavour... Gorgonzola—rich, piquant flavour and nip... Cheese Spread—a fully matured "tasty"

flavour... Danish Blue Cheese Spread—a blend of fine cheese with a rich, full flavour...

Sandwich Relish—a delicate blend of gherkins and spices in a creamy spread—a flavour with a difference.

Cheez Whiz—different from any cheese flavour you've ever tasted.

It's a "whiz" in the kitchen—you can spread creamy-thick Kraft Cheez Whiz on biscuits, toast, rolls—fix a snack in a jiffy.

P.S. "Cheez Whiz" has dozens of other uses. Here's 3: spread it on sandwiches, heat it for a quick cheese sauce, spoon it over hot vegetables or into mashed potatoes.



And Velveeta—the cheese food in a packet that spreads like butter

In fact, when you spread Velveeta you don't need butter. Saves money—adds extra nourishment to sandwiches. Velveeta puts back the milk sugar, some of the milk minerals and Vitamin B₂ lost in ordinary cheese making. That's why Velveeta means extra value—because of those extra food values.



THIS IS YOUR KRAFT SHOPPING GUIDE TO ECONOMICAL SANDWICH AND SAVOURY VARIETY



8 am

A FIRE, DID YOU SAY? 'Course I'll hurry, but you don't expect me to miss my breakfast, do you, *not when there's Kellogg's Corn Flakes?* How d'you expect me to get my strength up, anyway? Boy, they even *smell* good! When I get through this little lot I'll be as strong as ten firemen.



12.30 pm

40-HOUR WEEK FOR MOTHERS? Don't make me laugh! Good thing it only takes a minute to fix myself a nourishing lunch. Milk, fruit and Kellogg's Corn Flakes. *Mmm!* just what I needed. Wonderful the energy you get from these Kellogg's Corn Flakes. . . . Where *did* I leave that broom?



5 pm

THE WAY THESE DOLLS PLAY UP! I'm really quite worn out. I don't think I want any tea, thank you, unless—*Oh, Mummy!* Kellogg's Corn Flakes! Yes, please! I am a teeny bit hungry after all. I mean, couldn't you possibly leave the packet? I might just want a second helping.



10 pm

LONG TIME BETWEEN SNACKS in this house! Wonder if those kids left any Kellogg's Corn Flakes. What luck—another packet! Here's one snack that won't keep me awake with indigestion. These Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste just as good for supper as they do for breakfast.



BIG IN FLAVOUR

ENERGY FROM
THE SUN

BIG IN FOOD VALUE!

Debbie makes

HOT CROSS BUNS

THIS week Debbie, our teenage cook, shows how to make hot cross buns—the traditional Easter fare.

HOT CROSS BUNS

One pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1oz. compressed yeast, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, 2oz. sultanas, 2oz. butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg.

Crumble yeast into basin, mix in 1 teaspoon each flour and sugar, stir in lukewarm milk. Stand in warm place 15 minutes, add beaten egg. Rub butter into sifted flour and salt, add sugar and sultanas. Mix to a soft dough with egg mixture. Cover basin with clean cloth, stand in warm place 40 minutes. Turn on to lightly floured board and knead until smooth. Cut into 16 pieces, knead each separately into a round, and mark a deep cross on each with back of knife. Place in greased tray close together, set aside to rise again for 15 minutes. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove, turn on to cooler, and brush tops with a glaze made of 1 tablespoon gelatine and 1 tablespoon sugar dissolved in 1 tablespoon hot water.



POUR the lukewarm (not hot) milk on to the crumbled yeast, sugar, and flour mixture. Cover and stand aside in a warm place for about 15 minutes or until spongy. This is called "setting the sponge."



BEAT THE EGG well and add to the yeast sponge. Do not use an egg straight from the refrigerator, because the sudden cold may kill the yeast and prevent any further rising. Too much heat is also detrimental.



STIR yeast-sponge mixture into the basin of flour, salt, butter, sugar, and sultanas. Make into soft dough, set aside for 40 minutes.



KNEAD the dough well, turning outside edges into centre until smooth. Use a floured board—not a cold-topped table or marble slab.



CUT into even-sized pieces, knead each separately into a round ball. Mark with deep cross and place on a well-greased tray to rise again.



Peeping petticoats look lovelier when starched with

ROBIN

Only a minute or two for a

light starching with Robin Starch and your petticoats peep out with an air of radiant crispness; a charm and freshness that outlasts your longest day. Robin is the easy-to-mix powder starch that makes ironing so much easier.



P.S. For alluring freshness fashion says light starching for cotton and linen frocks, shirts, too.

ROBIN Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON



holidays are for housewives too

When holiday time is around, don't be a slave to your stove. Prepare easy meals like salads—and, to liven up your family's appetite and still keep cool, calm and collected, make your mayonnaise with Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk. It's the easiest mayonnaise you ever made, and the most delicious. Rich! Creamy! The makings of any salad!



Nestlé's Condensed Milk cuts cooking and preparation time!

Just pour $\frac{1}{2}$ tin Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk in a bowl, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, beat for a few seconds, and presto! Magnificent mayonnaise. Use this mayonnaise for vegetable salad, potato salad, Russian salad—and transform salad into a delicious main-course dish. And don't forget that Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk is the secret of creamy sauces and melt-in-the-mouth lemon meringue pies.

Order a few tins of Nestlé's Sweetened Condensed Milk—and have a holiday from cooking now. You'll spare yourself, but not the meals, if you use Nestlé's!

NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK



escort you home. If you don't, nothing else for me to do."

"Felix, I never thought you could be so ungentlemanly!"

"No," he agreed. "To tell you the truth, I didn't either. But the thing is it would be a dashed sight more ungentlemanly to go off and leave you to get into a pickle. Jew King! Cousin, do you know the fellow owns an ornamental villa on the river? Slap up to the nines—never saw such a place in your life!"

"No, and I don't see what that has to say to anything!" retorted Nell crossly.

"Point is, where did he find the blunt to pay for it? From people like you, cousin. Take my word for it!"

"Yes, yes, but I only wish for a loan for a particular reason, just—a very temporary one!"

He drew her hand through his arm and obliged her to walk with him up the street. "Believe me, fatal!" he said earnestly.

She sighed, but attempted no further argument. After a pause, Mr. Hethersett coughed and said delicately, "Very reluctant to offend you—awkward sort of a business! Thing is, might be able to be of service. Tolerably plump in the pocket, you know."

She was a good deal touched, but said at once, "No, indeed! I am sure there was never anyone half as kind as you, Felix, but that would be the outside of enough! And you mustn't suppose that I am in the habit of borrowing money. This—there are reasons—why I don't

wish to apply to Cardross for this particular sum! Don't let us talk about it! It is of no moment, after all."

"Certainly not. Shouldn't dream of prying into your affairs, cousin!" he replied. "Only wish to say—at least, I don't, but must!—feel myself obliged to ask you to give me your word you won't come running back here as soon as my back's turned!"

She sighed, but said submissively, "No, I won't do that, if you think it's so very bad."

"Worst thing in the world!" he assured her.

"I don't see why it should be. After all—"

"You may not see why, but it ain't a bit of use telling me you didn't know it, because I've been watching you," said Mr. Hethersett severely. "Going backwards and forwards like a cat on a hot bake-stone!"

"Oh, how can you say such an uncivil thing?" she protested. "I did not!"

"That's what it looked like to me," he said, with great firmness. "Not the moment for civility, either. Got a great regard for you, cousin. Dashed fond of Giles, too. Wouldn't wish to see either of you in a tangle. Thing is—nothing he wouldn't give you! Official thing to do—giving you advice—but if you're in a fix you tell him, not Jew King!"

She said unhappily, "There are circumstances which—Oh,

Continuing . . . April Lady

from page 60

I can't explain it to you, but he mustn't know of this!"

To her relief he forbore to press her. She would have been dismayed, however, had she known the construction he had put on her words.

Mr. Hethersett, who had so strongly disapproved of his cousin's alliance with any member of Lord Pevensey's family, had now the doubtful felicity of realising how just had been his objections to the marriage. If Nell had incurred a debt she dared not disclose to Cardross, it was as plain as a pikestaff that she had embroiled herself in her brother's chaotic affairs.

IN Mr. Hethersett's view that was almost the only form of expenditure Cardross would not tolerate in his wife. Probably he would not take gaming debts in good part, either, but Mr. Hethersett did not think that Nell was a gamster. He had once struggled to support her through several rubbers of whist, an experience which had left him in doubt of her ability to distinguish spades from clubs.

He had made his offer to rescue her from her embarrassments in good faith, but he was considerably relieved by her instant refusal of it. He enjoyed a considerable independence, but the last settling-day at Tattersall's had not been happy, and to have advanced what he feared must be a very large sum of money to Nell must have left him in uncomfortably straitened circumstances. It might also, if the truth leaked out, have involved him in a quarrel with Cardross, who would certainly feel that he had behaved in a very improper way.

Cardross was a man of calm judgment, so it was perhaps unlikely that he would suspect his cousin of having formed a warmer attachment for Nell than was seemly. At the same time, there was no predicting what crackbrained notion a man deeply in love might take into his head; and Mr. Hethersett was uneasily aware that by assuming the role of Nell's favorite he had certainly laid himself open to attack.

Nor had he the smallest desire to contribute towards Dysart's relief. Mr. Hethersett, a gentleman of the first respectability, and a high stickler in all matters of taste and conduct, disapproved unequivocally of such dashing blades as Dysart. Such feats as jumping one's horse over a loaded dinner-table awoke no admiration in his breast, for anything that set people in an uproar was bad ton, and to be bad ton was to be beyond pardon.

The world of fashion might embrace all manner of men, the Out-and-Outers, the Tulips, the Dashes, Tippiers, and Bloods, but the first style of elegance could only be achieved by those whose dress and deportment were characterised by an exquisite moderation.

Dysart was never moderate. In the saddle he was a hard-goer; on the road his ambition was to give the go-by to every other vehicle; in the gaming-room, not content, like Mr. Hethersett, to sport a little blunt on the table, he played deep. He engaged in hare-brained pranks; and the chances were that if you met him any time after noon you would find him ripe already. None but the very strait-laced objected, of course, to a man's becoming foxed during the course of a convivial evening; but either Dysart had an uncommonly weak head, or he was carrying

his drinking propensity beyond the line of what was acceptable.

As for his debts, he had been monstrously in the wind at the time of his sister's marriage, and he had had ample time, since being relieved by Cardross of his more pressing obligations, to run himself to a standstill again. It would be typical of him, Mr. Hethersett considered, to apply to his sister for succor; and ridiculous to suppose that she could bring herself to deny him. He did not blame her in the least, but he was strongly of the opinion that such reckless generosity ought to be checked before it had run to such lengths as must put her as well as Dysart heavily in debt.

A hazy recollection of the appalling load of debt under which Devonshire's mother had died flitted through his mind. Astronomical figures had been whispered, probably false, for no one knew the exact truth, but it must have been a monstrous sum. It was said she had lost a huge fortune at play. Queer sort of fellow the old Duke must have been, not to have known what his wife was about, thought Mr. Hethersett. Things would never get to that pitch of disaster in Cardross's household, of course; still, they might become pretty bad before he discovered what was happening. He was rich enough to be able to stand the nonsense, but Mr. Hethersett had a very fair idea of what his feelings would be if he found Nell out in such deception.

Someone, he decided, ought to drop Cardross a hint now, before any serious mischief had been done, and while he was still so much in love with Nell that he would find it easy to excuse her folly. He was inclined for a moment to regret having promised Nell he would not betray her to Cardross; but as soon as he played with the notion of making such a disclosure to his cousin his imagination bogged at it. Under no circumstances could he have done it.

The proper person to intervene was Lady Pevensey, and had she been in town he might, he thought, have contrived to hint her on to the trouble. Only she was miles away, tied to that ramshackle husband of hers, and there was no saying, after all, that she would see the matter as she ought. She had never seemed to Mr. Hethersett to have much more wit than a pea-goose; besides, she doted on Dysart so fondly that she might possibly think his interests of more importance than Nell's.

Nell's voice, would be cheerful, but decidedly nervous, intruded on these ruminations. "You are very silent!" she said.

"I beg pardon!" he said. "I was thinking."

"About—about this?" she asked anxiously.

"No," he said unblushingly.

"Thinking we should take a look-in at Gunter's. You'd like an ice, I daresay. Just the thing!"

She thanked him, but declined the treat. She would have declined the offer of a chair to carry her home, too, but on this point Mr. Hethersett was firm, knowing well what was due to her consequence. To be strolling through the streets of London with only himself as escort would not do for Lady Cardross. So he beckoned to a couple of chairmen before suggesting to her that he should do so, handed her into the chair, and completed his politeness by walking beside it to Grosvenor Square, and engaging her in a commonplace conversation that gave her to understand that he had dis-

missed the episode in Clarges Street from his mind.

Rescued from the perils of Clarges Street, and restored to the shelter of her own house, Nell hardly knew whether to be grateful to Mr. Hethersett for having thrust a spoke in her wheel, or resentful. When the moment had come for knocking on Mr. King's door she had certainly been extremely reluctant to do so, and had suffered very much the same sensations as if she had been about to have a tooth drawn.

But her dependence now was all on Dysart, whom she had not seen since the night of the masquerade, and who might, for anything she knew, have taken a pet at having his ingenious plot frustrated, or (which was even more likely) have forgotten all about her troubles.

She and Letty were going to the opera that evening, where it was extremely improbable that she would meet him; so she wrote a letter to him, telling him how urgent her need had become, and begging that he would call in Grosvenor Square.

She had hardly despatched this missive, by the hand of her footman, when Letty came in. In general, when Letty went shopping, she returned laden with parcels, and eager to display to her sister-in-law a collection of expensive frivolities which had happened to catch her eye. But on this occasion she had nothing to show but a disconsolate face. She said she had had a stupid morning, but when Nell asked if she had been unable to find a muslin she liked, she replied, "Oh, yes! Martha has it. I met my cousins and went with them to Grafton House, all amongst the quizzy people. Selina would have me go, because she said there were amazing bargains to be had there. I must say, they had a great many muslins. I chose a checked one, but I daresay I shan't like it above half when it is made up. It cost seven shilling the yard, too, and I don't consider that a bargain, do you?"

"No, but checked muslin is always dearer than the plain colors. I hope the Miss Thornes are quite well?" Nell said politely.

"Yes—at least, I didn't inquire. Selina seemed pretty stout. Fanny was gone with my aunt to Mrs. Mee, to arrange to have her likeness taken. They are persuaded Humby means to come to the point, and Selina says my aunt and uncle are in transports, though I can't think why they should be, for he presents a very off appearance, don't you think? Besides having some odd humors."

"I don't know that. I believe he is very respectable," Nell responded, wondering whether her cousin's approaching betrothal was accountable for the clouded look on Letty's vivid little face. "I collect it was Mrs. Thistleton, then, who was with Miss Selina Thorne?"

"Yes, and I can tell you I was soon wishing her at the deuce!" said Letty, with a disgusted pout. "She is increasing, and bent on telling the whole of London! You would suppose no one had ever before been in her situation, for she can talk of nothing else! And then what must we do but walk into Lady Eastwell! She expects to be confined next month, and nothing could be like her simperings and sighings and affectations! I was vexed to death, dawdling along in her company, and being obliged to listen to such insipid stuff! And Maria at least was used to be the most entertaining creature! I do hope you won't turn into a bothersome bore when you start increasing, Nell!"

The color rushed up into Nell's cheeks; she said, "I hope not, indeed!" but in a constricted voice, for Letty's care-

less words had touched her on the raw. It was some months since Lady Pevensey, tearing herself away from her stricken lord to visit her daughter, had soothed an anxiety which was even then teasing Nell.

"Think nothing of it, dearest!" she had said, adding, with simple pride, "You are like me, and you know I had been married for three years before dear Dysart was born."

Nell had been comforted; and although the prospect of being obliged to wait for three years before she gave Cardross an heir was dismal, it was permissible to indulge the hope that she might find herself in an interesting situation considerably earlier than had Mama. And since Cardross, neither by word nor by look, gave the least sign of disappointment, and her mind was pleasantly occupied with the manifold gaieties of fashionable life, she had not thought very much about it.

But Letty's petulant remark was ill-timed. Her quite uninteresting situation now seemed to Nell of a piece with all the rest of her iniquities. She was proving herself to be in every way a deplorable wife, foolish, deceitful, spendthrift, and barren!

Fortunately, since her deep blush betrayed her, Letty had picked up the latest number of the "Ladies' Magazine," and was contemptuously flicking over the pages, and commenting disparagingly on the fashions depicted in this valuable periodical, so that Nell had time in which to recover her countenance.

"Good heavens, I never saw anything so dowdy! . . . Slate-colored twilled sarmet, lined with white—what a figure to make of oneself! . . . Do these new Bishop-sleeves hit you fancy? I don't think them pretty at all, and as for this evening gown, with French braces over the bodice!"

"I liked the picture of the pelisse, with the round cape," Nell said, trying to infuse her voice with interest.

"For my part, I think it no more than tolerable. Unless one is a regular Long Meg, those capes make one appear positively squat! Hair-brown merino, too! Horribly drab!" Letty cast the "Ladies' Magazine" aside, and, after hesitating for a moment, said, in a voice whose carelessness was a little studied,

"By the by, I shall have to cry off going with you to Somerset House tomorrow, Nell. Selina has been telling me that my aunt is hipped because I have not been to visit her quite lately, and is saying she had not thought I could show such a want of affection, or have my head turned so utterly that I don't any longer care to be with her. You know how it is with her? She is cast into raptures or down in a minute. So, if you do not very particularly wish to look at pictures tomorrow—daresay they will be a drear bore, too—I think I should go to my aunt's, and make her comfortable again."

Nell agreed to it, though she might, had she been less preoccupied, have wondered at Letty's sudden concern for Mrs. Thorne's comfort. That Mrs. Thorne might be piqued by a lack of proper observance could surprise no one who knew Letty for without having the least ill-nature, or want of disposition to render attention where it was due, she had never been taught to consider the feelings of others, or to consult any convenience but her own.

Having so easily won Nell's acquiescence, she took herself off to her own bedchamber there to peruse for the third time the very disturbing letter she had received from Mr. Allendale.

To be continued

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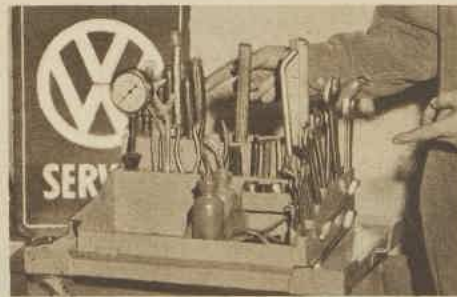
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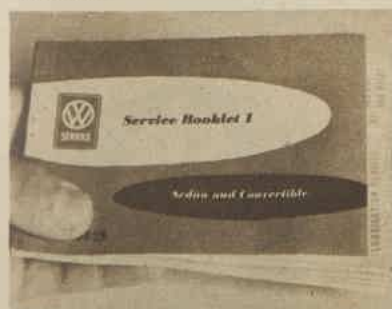
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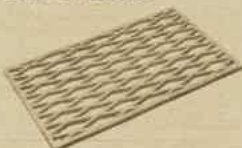
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ANOTHER PRODUCT OF KORBOND INDUSTRIES

Talking of Films

★★ *Teahouse of the August Moon*

HOLLYWOOD brings slapstick to Okinawa in this wide and handsome production of "Teahouse of the August Moon."

It is hardly in keeping with the quaint and gentle humor that enlivened the stage play, but, nevertheless, Metro's film is highly entertaining.

The story concerns an idealistic American Army captain who is put in charge of a village in Okinawa following the occupation. Roughly, his job is to bring democracy and a certain amount of uplift to the native populace.

The central joke is, of course, that while pursuing his job with the utmost zeal his carefree oriental charges convert the officer himself into a sort of lotus-eater.

Glenn Ford, that dour and still-faced exponent of serious film acting, romps through the part of the troubled Captain Frisby.

Some of his scenes with Machiko Kyo, the Japanese actress who is brought in to play the fluttery little geisha of the story, bear no resemblance whatever to "Madame Butterfly."

Marlon Brando is overwhelmed by Ford all along the line and seems, besides, rather too heavy-set for the artful Okinawan interpreter who has a talent for sidetracking the Army.

Eddie Albert's shaky psychiatrist and Paul Ford's pompous commanding officer are backed by a bevy of Japanese feature players.

In Sydney—St. James.

★★ *The Battle of the River Plate*

J. ARTHUR RANK'S "Battle of the River Plate" is a good account of a great naval battle of World War II.

Though it just lacks that exact skill which makes an outright classic of the sea, the picture is exciting in key scenes and absorbing on the documentary side.

It tells how three out-gunned units of the British Navy—"Ajax," "Exeter," and "Achilles"—succeeded in driving the German raider "Admiral Graf Spee" into the neutral waters of Montevideo Bay in Uruguay during a crucial period of the war at sea.

It was in these waters that Captain Hans Langsdorff, the commander of "Graf Spee," mistakenly believing the British Navy to be poised in strength at the mouth of the River Plate, chose to scuttle his ship.

The film's VistaVision seascapes and the blazing battle scenes are colorful.

The cat-and-mouse aspects of the diplomatic drama behind the heroic action of "River Plate," enacted in the calypso atmosphere of Montevideo, are intriguing.

Together the action and intrigue spin out the story in a way that leaves only a minimum of time for character development.

Star Peter Finch gives a nice quiet performance as the humane Captain Langsdorff. So do Bernard Lee, John Greg-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

son and the rest. Anthony Quayle becomes increasingly theatrical towards the end. In Sydney—State.

★ *Sailor Beware*

UNLESS you happen to have seen the play, the title "Sailor Beware" gives no idea what to expect from the film. Except in passing, it has nothing whatever to do with the Navy.

Instead, it's a loud and hearty farce of homey English domesticity that comes more or less straight from the footlights.

All the action revolves around a formidable suburbanite whose nagging so alarms the sailor bridegroom (Ronald Lewis) of her pretty blond daughter (Shirley Eaton) that he doesn't turn up at the church for the wedding ceremony.

It's the thought that his future wife might turn out to be just like her mum that keeps the young man away.

Actress Peggy Mount, repeating the role she created on the stage, sustains a lashing tongue as the battle-axe ma-in-law of the story.

Her non-stop bellow is funny at first, but then it puts such a strain on the ears that you begin to long for a moment's quiet.

A henpecked husband (Cyrl Smith), an addlepated spinster (Esma Cannon), and Thora Hird's nosy neighbor are all characters beloved of the English casting office. In Sydney—Embassy.

★ *Port Afrique*

ENCHANTING Pier Angeli steps right out of those dewy-eyed roles of the past and plays an alluring singer in a Moroccan nightclub in the British-made melodrama "Port Afrique."

Pier's singing voice is charming and she achieves real glamor with the calculated modesty of high-necked, skintight sheath gowns.

But apart from little Miss Angeli and those strange and fascinating backgrounds of Morocco, "Port Afrique" is just another murder mystery.

It lacks both punch and suspense.

Hollywood's Phil Carey is cast as a lame ex-serviceman who returns to his Moroccan home only to discover the body of his faithless wife stretched out on the sofa in the living-room.

The local gendarmery suggest it is a case of suicide, but the husband is sure that a murder has been committed and determines to find out whodunit.

Fiercely suspect are Carey's crooked business partner, Dennis Price, and his wife, and James Hayter's nasty little Cockney spy.

Eugene Deckers' subtle Gallic policeman rounds out the international cast.

In Sydney—Lyceum.

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AT NO STAGE DO
MY FINGERS
EVER LEAVE
THE HAND.

LOOK ROBBIE — A "SNACK" BLOCK
— I'LL GIVE YOU A PIECE

THANKS MAC, I GO
FOR THOSE
DELICIOUS
CENTRES
BUT WAIT...

LET ME HAVE THE
BLOCK A MOMENT, I'LL
SHOW YOU A TRICK

THIS IDEA
I DO NOT
LIKE

FIRST I BREAK THIS "SNACK" BLOCK,
THEN I TAKE A
STRAWBERRY
CREAM PIECE—
NOW WATCH
CAREFULLY—I
PLACE IT IN MY
MOUTH. NOW! I
TAKE ANOTHER
NOVELTY SHAPED
PIECE—PINEAPPLE
CREAM—AND DO
THE SAME
AND...

NOW
I ENJOY
(YUM YUM)
THIS TURKISH
DELIGHT
CENTRE.

FIVE MINUTES LATER :

PRESTO!
I'VE MADE
THE "SNACK"
BLOCK VANISH
BEFORE YOUR
VERY EYES.

SO THAT'S THE GREAT
VANISHING TRICK. YOU'VE
EATEN MY WHOLE "SNACK" BLOCK

RELAX
MAC, I HAD
SOMETHING
UP MY SLEEVE
ALL THE TIME.
LOOK...

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GET STARTED BEFORE YOU TRY ANOTHER TRICK
ROBBIE.

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BEING A TRICK MAC—
MY FATHER WAS A CARD.

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Continuing . . . Matchmakers' Manoeuvres

goodbye to the young 'uns. They're down there, piled in the car, waiting."

"I'll come," said Sue. "It'll all come right," said Abby. "When you're young, things look black—but it works out right. I didn't think I'd get Jasper, but I got him, didn't I?"

She glanced down at old Jasper, working busily at a flower bed. It was difficult to imagine him young and in love with Abby.

"It wasn't easy," said Abby. "But I got him—in the end."

"How?" asked Sue. Abby swung the suitcase to the ground, and a battle light gleamed for a moment in her faded old eyes. "Team work," she said grimly.

"Team work?" repeated Sue incomprehensibly.

"That's all. Team work. How it was, there was only one young man—Jasper—among the whole village. And me and my sisters—there was three of us—we worked out that if we went after him singly he'd find it easy to get away. But if we worked as a team then one of us would catch him. An' so we did it that way. Team work."

"You—?" "We just hedged him in, that's all. Wherever he was, there was one of us. A man can dodge one, but he can't dodge three. Like getting out of a circle. Yes, that was how. Dearie, come on. The children are waiting, and you'll miss that train . . ."

She shuffled out of the door. Sue followed her slowly, and the expression on her face was no longer forlorn. Her grey eyes were thoughtful. Team work . . .

It was indeed a bad time to go away. Don Travers was left in a state of bewildering suspension, dangling halfway between resentment and loneliness. He had been in love . . . almost in love. He had been drowning in large, liquid grey

eyes. His days, like his heart, had been full. And now both were empty.

The town offered no diversions; all his friends were away. There was only the shady garden on his left, with a hammock which he could see dimly, and a pair of long, lovely legs which he could see very plainly indeed. Brown eyes, he found, were much more exciting to read than grey ones. You looked into grey eyes and searched and searched for something that you hoped to find there.

But brown eyes told you at once that you were more than welcome, whenever you cared to look into them. Without knowing quite how it came about, Don found himself looking into them more and more often in the course of the next week.

And finally there came a day when he found himself drawing his eyes away to look at a pair of rosy, inviting lips. His own drew nearer—he was leaning over them and he was almost touching them—and then something happened to jerk him upright again.

Something was tugging at

from page 31

his coat-tails. Don, looking round, found that four small forms had come up unnoticed, and were standing waiting for attention.

"Please," said Peter. Don looked them over with surprise. "Peter!" he exclaimed. "Where did you come from?"

Peter thought the question unimportant and went on to graver matters. "My gun," he said, holding it out, "won't go off."

"Well, take it somewhere else," ordered Diane. "You know you're not allowed in this garden."

Peter thought this unimportant, too. He was watching his gun anxiously as Don examined it.

"I can put it right," said Don at last, "but I'll need some tools."

"I'll show you where ours are kept," said Diane.

But Peter had slipped a hand into Don's and was leading him away. The clasp was not a strong one, but Don was reluc-

tant to disengage it. "I'll be back," he said to Diane over his shoulder.

He was not back, however. The gun was only one of Peter's possessions in need of repair. Lined up beside the tool-box were the casualties of years—guns, planes, jeeps, and the personnel of an entire farm. Don worked, Peter breathed anxiously down his neck as he watched, while Copper, Joey, and Camilla gazed with unremitting interest.

"If they're bothering you," said Abby, coming out of the kitchen, "send them away."

"They're not bothering me," said Don.

It was two days before he got back to the hammock, but the brown eyes were not long in melting into forgiveness. Don's interest had turned, however, from brown eyes to red lips, and he learned that two can swing in a hammock as easily as one. It was cool in among the trees, and quiet—so quiet that a man could hear the thudding of his heart when he leaned down to—

But that wasn't thudding. It was something panting—and panting, moreover, close to his ear. With a jerk that almost brought down the hammock, Don got to his feet and found himself looking down at a dirty, tear-streaked face and a pair of childish arms that struggled to hold a fat puppy. "He's ill," gulped Copper, transferring the wriggling bundle to Don.

"Go away!" blazed Diane. "I've told you. You go away this—"

"Ill, is he?" said Don. "What's his trouble?"

"I don't know," said Copper, brushing a tear away with fierce impatience. "I don't know. He's just ill. He—he won't eat his food."

"Then we'd better look into his diet, and see what's wrong with it," suggested Don. "I'll come in a few minutes."

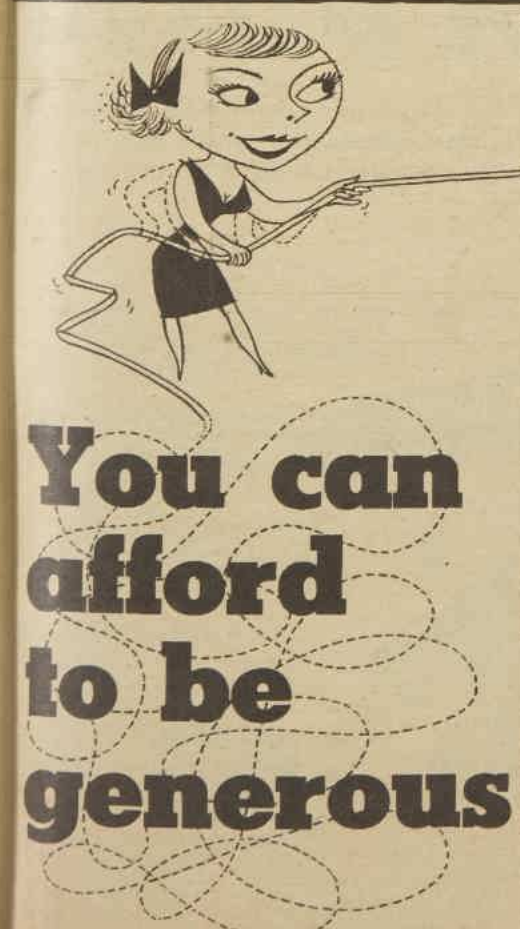
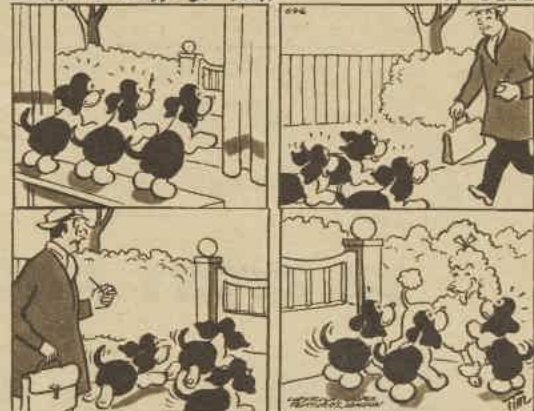
Copper put out a hand and

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Continuing

Matchmakers' Manoeuvres

[from page 71]

got a stranglehold on the slackest part of Don's trousers. "No. Now," he gulped.

"Listen, Don," said Diane, "it's no use letting those—"
"Emergency call," said Don. "It won't take long."

It took far too long. Diane revised her plan of campaign and, abandoning the hammock, decided to go farther afield. She packed an appetising lunch, gave the basket to Don, linked her arm in his, and strolled with him to the river. She was not a swimmer, but she sunbathed prettily.

Don swam, dressed, and sat watching her as she made daisy chains. A lazy contentment spread over him. Her lips were like red velvet—no, rose petals. . . . He leaned closer to examine them. He felt—

Before he had time to diagnose his feelings he saw four small figures trudging along the bank. They were making unerringly for him, and Diane, with a swift, angry movement, got to her feet and waited for the quartet with a face that was white with anger. "If they come here," she said between her teeth, "I'll—"

"Half a minute!" said Don. "Joey's all wet."

Joey was dripping. He came to a halt before Don and looked up at him with serene grey eyes. Don had seen in another face and knew well . . .

"I fell in," he explained. "He's all wet!" said Peter unnecessarily. "He wants to be dried."

"Well, that's easy," said Don. "All he's got to do is run about in the sun for half an hour."

Joey ran about in the sun. So did Peter and Copper and Camilla and the puppy. So, eventually, did Don. He was not feeling too energetic, but running about with four happy children was more fun than sitting beside a sulky girl. It wasn't his fault that the children liked him. All children liked him—and he liked most children. Diane would get over it.

Diane got over it, but time was passing and she was no nearer her goal. In three days—in two days—tomorrow, Sue would be back. This was the last evening—but it was a wonderful evening, with a full moon and a warm, scented breeze. Anything could happen on a night like this. Anything would . . .

Don came to dinner, and after dinner he strolled with Diane in the garden. She was in white—a dress that swayed gently against him. Her hair

had a sweet, heady perfume. Her face, in the moon's soft light, looked pure and sweet.

She lifted one of his hands and laid it against her cheek—and as she did so a smaller, stickier hand grasped Don's free one and another form— young and sweet and feminine, white-robed—leaned on his other side.

"My gosh!" Don's astounded exclamation swung Diane round to see what had caused it. "My gosh! Camilla—and in a nightgown!"

"Go home!" shouted Diane. "How dare you get out of bed and come over here and— Go home! At once!"

But Don had stooped and lifted the small figure into his arms. Camilla clasped her hands tightly behind his neck and her soft cheek brushed his. He smiled at her, and she smiled back trustfully and pressed her lips against his cheek.

"Steady on!" said Don. "What brought you here?"

"My nightlight is out," said Camilla, between kisses. "It went out." She wriggled herself into a more comfortable position in his arms. "Come and put it on again," she ordered.

"Send her home," came from Diane in a low, strangled voice. "Go on—send her home."

"I'll just—," began Don. "You're a guest," said Diane furiously. "You can't leave." "Somebody's got to take her back."

"She can go as she came— by herself," said Diane.

Camilla said nothing. She was rubbing her lips gently to and fro on the lobe of Don's ear. It was a delicious sensation—for both of them.

"I'll be back," he said. "All she wants is her nightlight."

"Listen to me—," began Diane fiercely.

But Don had gone, and Camilla's arms clung tightly until the moment he lowered her on to her bed. He straightened and looked at the other three small beds, and saw that their occupants were wide awake.

"I found him," piped Camilla serenely.

Don put a match to the nightlight, and it sent up a small, steady flame. He sat on Camilla's bed and tucked her in firmly, and then proceeded to throw some light on a situation which he felt that he understood pretty well al-

ready. It was only a question of making certain . . .

"You'll catch a nasty cold, going out in your nightgown like that," he said to Camilla. "Why didn't you ask Abby to light your light?"

"Because Sue said to tell you if it went out," said Camilla. "Ah!" said Don.

"Sue said," came Peter's voice from the other end of the room, "if my things wanted mending, you'd mend them."

"Ah!" said Don. "An' she said you knew about puppies," murmured Copper sleepily.

"Of course," said Don. "An' she said when I fell in the water to go to you," said Joey. "I like falling in the water."

"Uh-huh!" said Don.

There was silence. The breathing of four of the occupants of the room became deep and regular. Don Travers sat on in the soft light, thinking about a girl who had found a way of saying something that he had wanted very much to hear. Tomorrow—Sue would be back tomorrow.

The train stopped, and four voices shouted: "There she is!" and four pairs of feet scampered across the platform. She bent down to kiss the four eager faces and heard slower, heavier footsteps. She knew whose they were even before she looked up.

Don walked with a steady stride and came to a halt beside her.

"Hi-hallo," said Sue. Don smiled down at her. "How did everything go?" he asked.

"I—oh, f—fine," said Sue, stammering in her anxiety to decide just what lay behind his quiet glance. "I—I've got another stepbrother, and another step-sister, too."

Don grinned, and then bent and kissed her.

"You didn't need any more of them," he said gently. "Four were enough."

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of the disaster. But now the land looked much as it must have looked to the dying man. On the great box flats, the sparkling box-tree leaves rattled, bleached from dryness, and even the mulga leaves were faded and yellowish with drought.

Today, Letty and Bert could obtain water at the ball-valved troughs of windmills, but Bert's old packhorse trotted behind them with a long bale of hay across his saddle. They were, Letty thought, seeing the land of the proverb, too poor to feed a horse. Yet somewhere in the barren world—somewhere perhaps within range of her sight—might be five thousand pounds. No great treasure as the world's treasures go, but enough to work a miracle if it was there and they could find it.

She said, "I've been wondering, while you were away, if all the people who looked for the money were wrong because they just looked and guessed. If perhaps in the things that are known about what happened there might be something that really tells where the money is."

"The police decided," Bert said, "that Clifford hadn't been off his head or wandering in circles, so they didn't think he'd just scattered the money around and the wind blown it off. They thought he'd hidden the money where no one else could get it, but where he would know where to find it if he didn't die and could come back. They figured he'd put it near something he could be sure of recognising again."

Continuing . . . The Treasure Without a Clue

[from page 33]

"The treasure hunters thought the same thing. And they pretty nearly dug up every good, substantial rock and every really big tree the dying men could have passed. They even dug into the one big bottle tree near the Native Wells."

He grinned at her and patted the neck of his mare. "Shall we make time to where the hawk's cask sprang a leak; then come back heading the same way the hawk and Clifford and the swagman were headed?"

Two days later they were at the point where the three travellers had abandoned the empty water cask. The silvered staves and old iron hoops of the barrel still lay heaped at the foot of a large mulga tree, and on the tree someone had carved:

WATER CASK ABANDONED BY DOOMED MEN IN GREAT DROUGHT.

Sparse and parched mulga stretched out. Ant tracks laced the red dust. Tiny fire-blue mulga butterflies wandered.

Bert said, "This must have been the first place they knew they were in trouble. But they didn't know yet how bad it was. They counted on the Native Wells that had never been dry."

Staring about them at the red, flat world, Letty said, "Let's try to think what Clifford Marks must have thought. They were in trouble and perhaps the best move would have

been to go back to Mardon. But—"

"He wouldn't want to go back," Bert said. "He'd urge that they go on. He was a good talker. And he wouldn't hide the money yet. He wanted it with him." Bert stopped, stared about them at the barren bush. "Look, darling, we've got to remember this is just a game. We mustn't go thinking it's—well, that it's going to save the place for us."

"Oh, no." She reached over and touched his hand on the reins. "But let's play the game for all it's worth! Let's try to be Clifford and try to know what he'd do."

"He'd stick to the money as long as he could," Bert said positively. He turned his horse, and Letty pulled her old mount's head away from a dust-dry tussock.

Late afternoon tiger-striped the bare earth with flame and lilac of shadow as they rode back along the course of the hawk's waggon. Later, the moon rose in a wash of radiance. The hawk's waggon, when they reached it, was the grey ghost of a waggon, its wheels slanting inward, its bed sagged. Only a few scraps of glass remained of the original cargo of pots and pans, perfumes, inks, and sealing waxes; the rest had been taken by souvenir hunters and the waggon itself had been stripped of many of its boards. It could have been on just such a night of brilliant moon and stars that the travellers had shot the horses.

"It must have been pretty desperate when they had to shoot the horses," Bert said. "How about making camp here and backtracking a bit before we go on in the morning?"

The smoke rose like a little veil in the moonlight, filling the night with the lovely scent of burning eucalyptus twigs. Then the orange of the fire turned the moonlight blue and flickered in running reflections up the old box tree.

Letty cooked damper in the hot ashes and buttered it with brown-streaked beef dripping and dusted it with pepper and salt. The strong sweet black tea with its scent of wood smoke was very good, and she experienced the wonder of being alone with Bert in the miles of silence. But it tugged at her heart that his face was so worn in the firelight.

Drawing in the dust with a twig, he said intently, "By the time they shot the horses they knew they were in very bad trouble—that they might not even reach the wells. They even left their guns here."

"Just what would Clifford Marks have done, Bert? It was one thing to be carrying a lot of money while he was strong and had his gun. It was another now that he was weak with thirst. Would he have been afraid to keep it any longer, in case the swagman or the hawk wanted to take it away from him?"

"He outlived them both by miles, but he couldn't foresee that, of course. It's been from here to around and a bit beyond the wells that the biggest search has always been made. Men figured that Clifford would want to hide his cash while he was certain of thinking straight enough to hide it well. And things must have looked bad enough to him here."

Sitting by the speck of fire in the waste of loneliness, they tried to reason as a desperate man must have reasoned half a century before. A greedy

and unscrupulous man with a great deal of money that might still be of use to him, but that must be hidden lest it be taken from him as he grew weak or lost by him as he became irrational.

Where would he have hidden it? How would he have hidden it? Perhaps most important of all, from the angle of search, when would he have hidden it?

"He wouldn't have hidden it in the waggon, Bert, or used the waggon as a marker—in case someone took the waggon away. He wouldn't just dig a hole on the plain. There would have to be something to mark it. But could he have used the shadow of a peak? Something that would show in the same way as the moon was rising?"

If you find yourself in competition with your husband, never become aggressive in your rivalry. You will gain far more by quietly holding to your convictions. But even this must be done with art and, above all, good humor.

—Lady Churchill

"He may have known a lot more about the moon than I do," Bert said slowly, "but I'd be afraid that when I wanted the loot, the moon would be rising differently, and throwing the shadow wrong. I don't think he would use a shadow or bury his five thousand here on the plain."

They were in the saddle while the dry world was blue and cold with dawn. At ten in the morning they reached the tree lettered "Here the dying men threw away the first of their dry canteens," then followed the route of the three desperate men across the morning heat, their eyes searching the plain for possible hiding places for the Horse Thief's Treasure.

In early afternoon the country changed to the ironstone ridges that formed the first watershed of the creek. Between parched gidgee trees they turned from the stock route, up a little animal path worn in the rock, towards the Native Wells, and, emerging from a brake of hop bushes, looked out over the flat expanse of ironstone rock upon which the dark mouths of the wells showed.

The ancient springs were dry, the muddy bottoms laced with criss-crossed cracks. Here, by the deepest of the wells, the hawk had died. His grave was a low mound of ironstone a hundred yards down the hill and marked by a bush cross and a picket fence of weathered sticks.

Everywhere they found that other searchers had been before them. The hollows of old digging still showed around the box tree. The grouped rocks had been almost tunneled from their places. The infinitely old wallaby caves had been probed so that loosened rock lay heaped on the floors. Even the tail-polished rock floors showed the marks of crowsbars.

"And the police and then the treasure hunters dragged the wells till they went black in the face to see if Clifford had just dropped the money in," Bert said.

Riding over to the old bottle tree on the knoll a quarter of a mile from the wells they saw that the tree's eighteen-foot girth—that was shaped so absurdly like a Chinese ginger jar—had been scarred and hacked

by treasure hunters who had reasoned that Clifford might have cut a chunk of soft wood from the tree, hidden the money behind it and then replaced the wood. Many of the roots were still exposed where men had dug beneath the bole.

"Only thing we really know is that Clifford surely knew they were in desperate trouble when he and the swagman left here," Bert said. "They must both have known the hawk had had the right slant on it."

In mid-afternoon they reached the tree where the dying men had discarded their last two empty canteens, then passed the flat of gaunt mulga where the swagman had tottered into the bush to die. His grave also had been carefully made and marked by the police and later fenced and set with a cross.

"If Clifford was going to do anything with the money he had to do it soon!" Bert said. "He was stronger than the swagman, but he must have been in terrible shape!"

Letty said, "I read somewhere that if you were trying to puzzle out a queer set of circumstances, you should look for the queerest thing about them. Bert, have you thought what was the queerest thing in this?"

He rode in silence, frowning. "I suppose that Clifford did go on after the swagman stopped. The old swaggies were tough as rope and used to walking. Clifford was a dissipated scoundrel who presumably never walked if he could help it. Still, he did it."

"He couldn't have, Bert! I mean he couldn't have done it as it was supposed to happen."

"How do you suppose it happened?"

"It was lack of water that was killing them, Bert. Clifford must have had water after the swagman did! They'd be gin to ration the water as soon as they found the big canteen was dry. But the two other men were honest—and Clifford wasn't!"

"Suppose, before they divided the last of the water when they left the waggon, Clifford somehow stole some extra water and carried it with him? They were lots of old flat-shape perfume bottles in the waggon. He could have emptied the perfume from one of them and filled it with water and hidden it under his clothes."

"It's a pretty rotten rat we would cheat on water when men were dying for it! He might have. He'd already cheated his dead brother. He would explain how he last so much longer than the swagman. But I don't see how it affects our quest for gold."

"It could!" she insisted eagerly. "The main search was always back here where people thought Clifford must have been pretty near the end of his rope. If he had water, he wasn't near it. He wouldn't have had to figure, 'I'm so weak I must hide what I have!' until I reached our waterhole!"

"Could be. The police, the the searchers, dragged the waterhole, of course; they searched downstream to see the money had just washed away and stranded."

At evening they halted their horses beside the low mound of Clifford Marks' own grave beneath the blazed box tree, which the mounted policeman had neatly cut the dead man's name and the date of his death.

Unlike the other graves, it had no cross and no protective fence—bushmen holding in

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respect a man who would betray a dead brother in regard to so sacred a thing as a favorite horse. There was contempt even in the name given the place that was not known as Clifford Marks' Grave, but as the Horse Thief's Grave.

Twenty feet away, at the edge of the long hole in the creek, was the great river gum under which Clifford's body had been found.

Letty said, "Suppose he did still have the money when he got here—and was still in his right mind—what would he have done?"

Bert said thoughtfully, "Let's suppose he was here—where we are now—and that he had the money with him and the empty perfume bottle. And now, at last, he knew that he had to do something with that money, quickly. He'd put the money in the bottle, wouldn't he?"

"And the hawker had had sealing wax, and perhaps even before they left the hawker's waggon Clifford had thought about hiding the money in the bottle and had brought a stick with him to make the bottle airtight.

"So he's got a container that will keep the money safe from water or from damp earth or air—and it wouldn't be hard to put the bottle where it would be safe from fire. But where would he put it so he could find it again, but so that no one else ever found it?"

"That's the ten-guinea question. It also looks as if these two people aren't going to answer it. Yet, so help me, I'm beginning to believe it's somewhere to be found!"

A dozen times in the next six weeks they retraced the route of the dying men; digging where others had dug and where others had not dug. They suffered the fate of treasure hunters in that the treasure they sought became always

Continuing . . . The Treasure Without a Clue

from page 74

more real to them. They believed in the close presence of the treasure and could not find it.

"And the trouble is, it feels close wherever we happen to be looking!" Letty said, grinning wryly. "I mean, I can't even enjoy my own premonitions any more—I know I'll have a pre-er one next place I move."

He laughed. "My hunch is a sort of over-all one—that we're going to find it if we stick! Oh, don't worry! I'm still rational. I just think we may."

On the third night of the seventh week of search they were camped by the Horse Thief's Grave. Kneeling by the fire Letty touched Bert's hand. "I'm worrying that I started us on this."

"Don't! And let's keep trying for the time we have! Damned if I don't think we can find it if we figure where we went wrong."

As they were settling to sleep, she suddenly sat up. "Bert, Clifford Marks was found beside a waterhole and we've always seen this place as a lovely waterhole, but couldn't it be that it wasn't a waterhole when Clifford Marks hid his money? That it was just a big, dry chasm?"

"He could have got right down in its bottom, Bert! He would have been right down in the bottom, looking for water! He could have hidden the money up in the banks! In natural holes in the rocks!"

He, too, had sat up excitedly. "And when the water came up, if he had the bottle upside down, the air would hold it up so it wouldn't come out even if the stopper got loose! Pretty One, you may have something! Let's get a torch!"

The dry cliff walls of the hole showed gaunt in the light of the setting moon, the great roots of the river gums lacing them like pale pythons. As Letty and Bert scrambled down, dust rose, smelling of heat, to hang in pale layers in the

moonlight. There were endless dry hollows and small rock caves in the normally submerged cliffs. But nothing but spiders and lizards now occupied them.

The golden circle of the torch lit fissures of red rock, caches of purple pebbles, drifts of leaves rendered skeletal by water, but now dry as dust. Breathing dust, it was strange to know that normally they would be beneath thirty feet of water.

At midnight, trembling with weariness, scratched and filthy, they climbed out and made coffee. A week later they had exhausted the yabby holes and rock tunnels of the great hole. And they had found nothing. Sitting on the bank in golden afternoon, they wiped their faces and looked at each other.

"So far, no dice," Bert said slowly. "Yet I've got myself so convinced it's here, I keep seeing that sealed bottle of cash in my dreams." He slapped his hand flat-palmed on the dry earth.

"It all fits. He outlasted the others because he had extra water. His empty waterbottle would make the money safe from water when the water came, so he could hide it below normal water level. The water would make the bottle pretty safe from men until another great drought came. It all figures—except that the bottle and the money aren't here."

"We still may not have looked right—"

"We've only just about altered the course of the river!" he said, smiling grimly. "This hole will never be the same again. The yabbies, God bless 'em, will never know their old homesteads." He put his scratched arm about her, drawing her against him. "Well, we've made a good try, if a cockeyed one. And so help me, I think we did get closer to what actually happened than

anyone else ever did. But I guess we can't see all of it across fifty years."

"Oh, Bert, I was so sure we were right!" Suddenly she stiffened. "Bert, could that be it? What you just said? The fifty years? Suppose it was like we've thought! That Clifford was here with his bottle in the hole. And he had to hide his bottle so it would be safe from water when the water came, and safe from men till the water came, and it had to be where he could find it if he could come back after the water came up."

"He wouldn't choose a big tree as a marker, maybe. He'd

He who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

—Edward Young

most likely choose a rock pocket with a little tree on the bank above it that no one would notice. But, Bert, the little tree would be a big tree now—with big roots. A root could have covered the rock pocket now! Fifty years, Bert! Fifty years!"

He rose, lifting her to her feet. "Look out, river gums, here we come! How good are you on judging the age of trees, my pretty? Which of these fellows were not too conspicuous saplings fifty years ago?"

Prying for cavities behind the great roots was the most difficult thing they had yet attempted. Working methodically, they followed the great snakes of the gum roots across the naked bronze of virgin rock, thrusting exhaustingly between root and rock for flaws in the rock, hidden by the roots.

At the fifth tree from the giant under which Clifford

Marks had died, Letty climbed a root as thick as her thigh, gained foot-and-hand hold, and with the reversed hatchet in her free hand, drove the iron seeding spike behind the fat root. Against the spike point something gave.

Putting the hatchet back in her belt and probing with the spike, she decided that the spike touched a loose stone in the mouth of a cavity. The root completely covered it, and her toes and her arm ached with the effort of maintaining her position.

To prove what was there would involve cutting through the root, and what was actually there was certain to be merely a flood-loosened stone. But clinging to the root, she fumbled the hatchet from her belt and began the arm-wearying effort of cutting into the root. In ten minutes she could get her fingers in to touch the loose stone.

Pushed, the stone could be moved upward perhaps two inches. She resumed her clumsy chopping. When the root was cut back sufficiently to allow the stone to be withdrawn, she was afraid to move the stone lest it hide only disappointment.

Breathing hard, she put the hatchet back in her belt; then tugged out the red stone and dropped it into the sand of the creek floor. Behind the place where the stone had been was a small tunnel, going upward. So tired that she was no longer cautious of snakes, she thrust her arm up until the mouth of the tunnel pressed her shoulder.

Her fingers touched nothing. Rising on her toes on the little rock ledge on which she stood, she pressed harder, and her waving fingers touched something smooth and round—the sideward-slanted neck of a bottle.

Following the just-reachable neck downward, she found that the bottle had been slipped sideward on to a small ledge and slid along the ledge until

it rested in a little depression from which it could not fall. Shaking so that she could hardly control her stretching fingers, she worked the neck upward and forward, and the weight of a flat, smooth bottle was on her palm. She brought her hand downward, easing the bottle from the little tunnel.

Only when she had drawn it into the open, looked at its glass-stoppered and sealed neck, rubbed away the film of mud and seen a faded and closely folded mass of something resembling notes in the bottle's flat interior did she call Bert. As he came she was standing on the sand at the foot of the chopped root, holding the bottle in her hands.

She said, "I'm afraid to break it! It must be what it should be—but it can't be!"

Keeping his voice carefully level, he said, "Well, we'll find out."

Setting the bottle on a shelf of ironstone, he struck it with a small rock. The glass rang but did not crack, and he struck harder. The bottle shattered and the long, bent cylinders of old notes lay on the sand.

Kneeling, he unrolled them. "Fifty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty—" When he had finished, five thousand pounds in banknotes lay on the ironstone under the blue of the late-afternoon sky.

He said quietly, "Well, there it is! And it's ours." He looked round the bronze-red bowl of the dry hole and up at the blue sky. "And the earth and the creek and the sky! Ours again!" He grinned. "Not that the look so good right at the moment. But they will!"

"And we'll own every almond creeper and all the candytuft and every cornflower and daisy and spider lily—"

"And the big fish in the green pools and the running water. And the fat cattle."

"And, meantime, let's walk back through our drought across our land to our house and have our supper!"

"A good word, 'ours'!"

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Cosy, long-sleeved dress is designed for the two-to-eight-year-old age group. The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in crease, and the color choice includes pink, pale blue, cream, and lemon.
Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years 29/11; 20in. for 3-4 years 34/3; 23in. for 5-6 years 39/9; 26in. for 7-8 years 38/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

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Practical petticoat for a small girl has a 1in. tuck in both bodice and skirt for lengthening. The petticoat is obtainable cut out ready to make in white cotton lawn or white British flannelette.
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No. 452. — CHILD'S COOGANS
Coogans are obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed cotton tartan and plain choice includes McDuff, Victoria, Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, and Prince Charles.
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No. 453. — FAN-DESIGN DUCHESSE SET
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. Material and color choice includes cream and white Irish linen and sheer linen in blue, green, pink, and lemon. The lace edging is not supplied.
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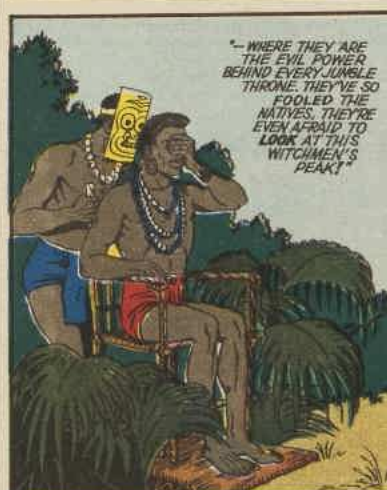
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WW 10/4/57

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are following Mandrake's sister Lenore, who disappeared when she tried to discover the secret of Witchmen's Peak. Following the trail she took, they overpower two guards, dress themselves in their masks and loincloths,

and are disguised as witchmen. In the smoky cave, the entrance to the village, they are halted by a guard, who demands the password. By telepathy Mandrake learns the password, and they are permitted to pass and enter the weird village where Lenore is held captive. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By R



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 10, 1957

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"I was what is known as a 'dilly dower'", writes Mr. H. WARD, of Dee Why, N.S.W. "I spent a small fortune on laxatives but since I found All-Bran I'm regular the natural way, without costly purgatives. I'm a new man." The most common cause of irregularity is the lack of natural bulk in today's highly refined foods. All-Bran, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, made from the outer layers of the wheat grain, supplies this bulk in a delicious natural form. Being a food, rich in Vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron, All-Bran builds you up instead of leaving you tired, nervy and run-down as laxatives do.

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ABS-20



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CN4

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SKATING? DON'T BE GILLY... YOU DON'T SKATE WHEN IT'S GNO — OOPS!



PARDON ME — IT'S SO HARD TO SEE WHERE ONE IS GOING... LET ME BRUSH YOU OFF...



NO, NOT SKIING? — OOPS! OH, DEAR... SLIPPERY, ISN'T IT...?



TOBOGGANING? NOPE.



WHAT THEN? WHUP!

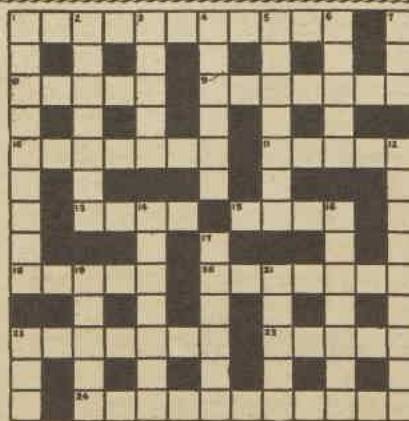


OH, GOODNESS... LUCKY YOU WERE THERE TO CATCH ME... OH.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

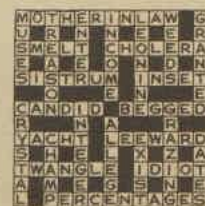
1. Concealed the not completely elite in downward motion (11).
8. Tent for a hobo disturbed having tea (5).
9. Cuts the wool and carries it overseas (7).
10. Ingenuousness I've in the centre (7).
11. This lady seems to ask whether she is demented (5).
13. Face-guard mostly request (4).
15. Egyptian goddess (4).
18. Birthplace of Big Bertha (5).
20. Fence without sword and without stolen goods (7).
22. Fleishy tumor containing an arc (7).
23. Corner done with a fish-hook (5).
24. Do it and you are entitled to arrange the musical programme (3, 3, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. For an acknowledgment of debt be in a set of false teeth (9).
2. The practice of treating as an object of curiosity Simon when upset after a Chinese mile (7).
3. Titter when he is in a place from where the ball is played (5).
4. Ball game (6).
5. Riddles found in games (7).
6. Luke-warm with a broken pie tucked inside (5).
7. Blast a ragman for hiding a sailor (3).
12. Three of them inspired Dumas and they were four (9).
14. Belonging to the faculty of perception (7).
16. Temporary substitute to cease moving before an opening (7).
17. Work over again when he turns in a skin eruption (6).
19. Holy tear to peel (5).
21. Fastener with its own source of light (5).
22. Distress signal (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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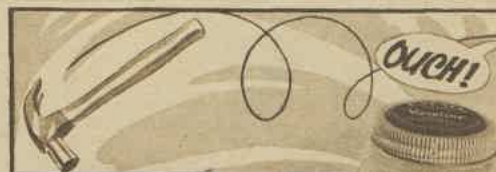


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